The War Cry
All Round the World
The Salvation Army
The Army Chariot Rolls
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e Glory of the Creature

ut no flesh should glory in His presence."

ays the greatest danger that threatens interior peace and outside usefulness hose that bring the message of God's y to their fellow-men is the extreme ency there is, on every hand, to give glory to the creature. The whole ry of religious teems with instances his kind; there are hardly any amongst who have not seen them on every d during our Christian experi- ; there are none amongst us who not been made sensible of this ger in the inner experiences of own hearts. How many noble s, strong in the strength of God, been cut down in the hey-day heir usefulness, and bereft of strength by this stratagem of enemy? How many leaders, ngst the host of God, have been thrown and defeated by this ns none of us can tell, but there few of us that are not aware of terrible danger there is of evil harm coming to both host and ers through this tendency in e who receive the message to the glory to the messenger, and desire to forget, in a measure, good God of the Gospel, from m alone the message comes, and hom alone the glory and the e are due.

will be in the recollection of all this danger presented itself to in the early days of his career messenger of peace, and how, is first missionary journey, hav- been driven out with Barnabas, Lieutenant, from Iconium by on of the tumult raised against by the Jews, he fled to Lystra opened fire upon the heathen hippers of Jupiter and the gods hat city. It was here that he d the impotent cripple, and the e place, stirred by the miracle, posed that the gods had left upos and come down amongst n and proceeded to offer homage hem as they were wont to do to ter and Mercury their favorite . Jupiter was conceived as "the er of gods and men" and was posed to visit the earth, and it believed that Mercury was often companion in such visits, as nger and spokesman, being the of eloquence; and so, charmed e stirring words of Paul of the n tongue, they supposed that indeed was he. The sodden ing of a man lame from his was an unheard of event, and can hardly wonder that these heathens should have rushed e conclusion that these two divini- of fable should have visited them. priest of Jupiter was summoned to ply, victims were brought decorated garlands, and the votive procession ended by the eager multitude ap- hed the house where the messengers ; and it was then that they sprang h vehement horror, rent there clothes sign of consternation and addressed people in those memorable words, s, why do ye these things, we also are of like passions with you, and preach unto you that ye should turn from these vanities unto the living God, which made heaven and earth, the sea and all things that are therein." Well, indeed, would it be if all in like circumstances would so declare themselves, but, alas, it too frequently happens, that when homage and honor, those things so well pleasing to the flesh, are offered, that they are accepted and received and so the days of usefulness and power are ended. Many and many a led and lame who scan these lines will be able to fit this scene in with their personal experience, when the corps has flourished—when the souls have been coming to God, the wily enemy has put in an appearance and with the smooth tongue of flattery has poisoned the soul and made shipwreck of God's work and the messenger's power and peace. Not so, however, was it with Paul and Barnabas, they could suffer patiently the suffering and persecution that drove them from Iconium, but the flattery and homage that received them at Lystra they could not brook, persecution sad contumely they could put up with, even with joy, but to see themselves glorified and God dishonored they could not bear. The grace which He giveth to the humble was sufficient for them.

Men of like Passions with You."

Pride lurks ever in the human heart, and the winds of flattery easily fan it to a flame. Self-conceit is the vice of all others to which man is most given, the first sin, and the last sin, and that which, it is said, is most difficult to cure. Yet nothing is so easy as to be humble; that is, if one wishes so to be. But how? Simply by being honest with ourselves, and looking at ourselves as we really are. Let a man recollect honestly and faithfully his past life; he will recollect something, or perhaps many things, which will not raise him in his own eyes; something which he had sooner not done or said; something which, if he is a foolish man, he will try to forget, because it makes him ashamed of himself; something, if he is a wise man, he will not try to forget, just because it makes him ashamed of himself; and a good thing for him that he should be so. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. Almost everyone has something to be ashamed of, more or less, which no one but himself and God knows of, and which perhaps it is better that no one but he and God should know. It may not be any great sin or great shame, but some weak point, as we call it, something said or done that had better been unsaid or undone; with some it may only have been a weakness, with others it may have been a very serious or dangerous fault; but every one of us should try and find it out, and feel it, and keep it in mind, that we may be of a humble spirit with the lowly, which is better than dividing the spoil with the proud.

If then we keep these things before us, when those who admire ourselves or our work commence to sound our praises, or tender to us their homage, and so glorify the creature, we shall look into our interior self and be reminded that if those who show us deference or respect could see us as we see ourselves, or as God sees us, how different would their opinion be, and so shall we acknowledge that the glory is of God and not of ourselves. His unworthy creatures, in whose flesh dwelleth no good thing of which we can glory in His presence.

There is a high-mindedness which goes before a fall, which comes not from above, but is always earthly, often sensual and sometimes devilish, but the true and safe high-mindedness, which comes from above, is none other than humility. The humble man thinks of Christ and God, and compares his weakness, ignorance and selfishness with their perfect power, wisdom and goodness, so that his mind is full of higher, nobler thoughts than the proud man who thinks only of himself. And is he not more high-minded who is looking up, up to God Himself for what is good, noble and heavenly? The humble man is always looking upwards to goodness, to good men, and to the all-good God; filling his soul with the sight of an excellence to which he fears he can never attain, and saying, with the holy and humble man of old—"All my delight is (not in myself and my own praise, but) in the saints who dwell on the earth, and in those who excel in virtue."

To see the hand of God in the present, and to trust the future in the hand of God, is the true secret of peace.

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THE way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and not to be hunting after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.

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THE religious theatre is a preparation for the world theatre. Satan is delighted with these inventions. But this is serious business, dreadful business. It is eating out the life of the church—it is destroying the young people, rendering them unfit for all true spiritual exercise. We counsel every follower of Jesus resolutely to discontenance these amusements. Be kind, but firm. Loyalty to Jesus demands it. Give your money liberally for every laudable object, but stand aloof, positively, evermore from these unholy festivals.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

—AT—

HAMILTON.

Grand Welcome Meeting—Officers' Councils—Triumphant March and Representation of the Ten Virgins—Fierce Struggle between the Powers of Human Appetites and the Kingdoms of Sandwiches, Cakes, Pies, etc.—Wonderful Drunkard's Demonstration—Representation of Drunkards' Lives—A l Night of Prayer.

When shall I begin, or how shall I describe the wonderful things that have happened in the Ambitious City the past few days? I feel that words would fail me to convey to the minds of our readers anything like half a conception of God's doings in our midst. Truly, it was "better felt than telt."

Thursday being Queen's Birthday, Major Woolley determined to take advantage of the cheap rates on the railroad, not only to make a stir in the city but also to gather the officers together in council, and thereby benefit the whole division. Truly, "in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom." He accordingly struck off some large posters, announcing a wonderful as well as original programme, commencing on Tuesday and ending on Thursday, to be attended by all the officers and a large number o soldiers, under his command. But wonderful as were the announcements they were more than realized in the fulfilment.

Grand Welcome Meeting.

The opening meeting of the campaign took the form of a grand welcome meeting, and was indeed a good token or forerunner of the glorious things which followed. At about 7.30 o'clock the troops, to the number of about a hundred or so, including about thirty officers, fell into line for a good march and open-air bombardment, which was followed by a very powerful and profitable time inside. Major and Mrs. Woolley led on the forces, and the different officers and soldiers testified, soloed and chorused to their heart's content, after which the meeting was closed with prayer, everybody evidently believing for some great things on the morrow.

On Wednesday, both forenoon and afternoon, the officers met in council, and as the Major explained various matters of business connected with the work, and the officers told of the different ways in which God had led and blessed them with success and victory, not only inside but outside, not only in the easy shops but also in the "hard goes." everyone must indeed have felt it good to be there, and I have no doubt were encouraged to go in for greater things even in the future than they have ever known in the past. God grant it may be so.

March of the Ten Virgins.

Such was the announcement for the Wednesday night, and all day there was considerable excitement and curiosity aroused, both inside and among the outside public, with regard thereto. But as the time drew near for the outdoor parade the interest increased, and long before the troops mustered the people commenced to line the streets to witness the novel sight. At last everything was in order, the command was given to fall in and the ordeal began. Major and Mrs. Woolley led the van, followed by the male officers, next came the splendid band of the city corps, playing some grand, soul-stirring music. In their track followed one of our faithful warriors, Capt. Jim Manahan, dressed in a long, black gown, with a tall, black hat, and mounted on a white steed, in representation of the dread pale horse and his rider—Death. Immediately in rear of him came the Ten Virgins; all were attired in white robes, the five wise bearing torches all trimmed and burning, while the foolish carried the same, but untrimmed and without oil. After them came the female officers and soldiers from the various corps.

The effect of this march upon the public was surprising, and far exceeded the most sanguine expectation of all concerned Along the line of march thousands of people thronged the streets, seemingly vieing with each other in gaining a vantage ground from which to view the procession. However the best of order prevailed, and every respect was shown to us as we marched the streets. After one of the most impressive and, without doubt, the most novel parade we have ever had in Hamilton, we reached the barracks again and went in for the performance of the balance of the programme. Inside was gathered a large and very intelligent, respectable looking audience, who had come to hear and see all that was said and done. The meeting opened with that good old song, "There is a better world they say," which went with a swing, the majority of those present joining in the singing. Then followed two or three earnest prayers, after which Mrs. Woolley sang that heart-touching song, "Would Jesus have the sinner die?" upon her knees, amidst almost breathless silence. More prayer followed, after which Capt. Brooks lined out another song, then Capts. Drew, Thompson, and Susie Matthews gave their testimonies, as did also Lieut. Runstetler and Cadet Williams, each giving a short account of what they had been and what God had made them, while Capt. Brooks also sang a solo with telling effect. Major Woolley next read the parable of the Ten Virgins (Matt. 25), and just as he reached verse ten, referring to the five wise virgins, that number of lasses entered from the anti-room to the right hand, each attired in a white robe bearing a lighted lamp and singing, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." The effect at this moment was thrilling, the whole audience being apparently spell-bound, and the most intense silence prevailing. As they finished singing the Major read the next verse, and then five other lasses entered from the left hand of the platform, also attired in white robes, but with lamps untrimmed and without oil, singing, "Too late, too late, the day of grace is ended." The prevailing silence was so intensified that it seemed to bear somewhat of the ghastly terror which will pervade the judgment of the great white throne and sent a thrill through every soul, even those of the saved ones. As the foolish virgins were singing, the soldiers and Christians got on their knees and took hold of God, while most of the officers went out in the audience fishing for souls. Never, I believe, have the realities of the judgment been so deeply impressed upon the minds of those present, and there will, no doubt, be many souls brought to God through the effects of that meeting. As it was our hearts were gladdened by seeing two hard looking, besotted drunkards come to Jesus. Hallelujah! God, keep them true, for of such will a great portion of the kingdom of heaven be composed. We closed, thanking God for the blessed time we had and believing for still greater things in the future.

On Thursday morning the officers again met in council, while in the afternoon Mrs. Woolley had a private council with the lass officers. A number of the officers and soldiers also fell into line and went out for an open-air bombardment. I believe they had a good time and God will no doubt bless their efforts with souls. One poor man cried for mercy after the bombardment and professed to find peace.

There was a welcome and farewell tea (two in one) announced for five o'clock, and at that hour quite a number of the officers and soldiers, along with their friends, assembled to have a social cup (not glass) together, and I am sure those present will admit, without dispute that those making the attack upon the strongholds of sandwiches, cakes, pies, etc., were experts in getting away with enemies of that kind; indeed I would not care to be used in the way those things were. However, as is generally the case, God had provided for all our needs, and there was enough, not only for this supper, but also for some refreshment previous to the All night of prayer. Glory to God forever!

Saved Drunkard's Demonstration.

The attraction on the boards for Thursday night was a great "Saved Drunkard's Demonstration," with two scenes taken from life. At about seven o'clock the forces mustered for a grand parade and open-air on the Market Square. Among the features on the march were the "Saved Fop," with a tall box-hat and swallow-tailed coat; Happy Charlie, the saved chimney-sweep, and a number of other famous characters. The meeting on the Square was grand, while the drum-head collection (which was taken up as an experiment, or rather for the encouragment of the officers to follow in the same wake) was a very liberal one indeed. After an imposing march round several of the principal streets we made our way back to the barracks for our wonderful meeting. On our arrival we found a very large audience awaiting us, and all seemed bent on enjoying themselves. Every preparation had been made for the successful performance of the affair, which was well carried out. On the platform behind the curtain, had been erected a model representation of a well fitted establishment for dispensing that damnable stuff which not only ruins thousands of homes, breaks poor wives' and childrens' hearts, and causes untold misery and wretchedness here, but also sends millions of souls to an endless bottomless hell. I believe they call it "a saloon" in this country. After opening the meeting with singing and praying, the curtain was drawn aside, and this hell-hole was exposed to view, being now well filled with types of poor, deluded dupes of the devil, engaged in drinking and carousing. Just then the sound of a drum was heard, with cornet and singing, and in marched a procession of Salvationists, with flag unfurled, who formed a ring and held an open-air in real Army style. Of course the drunks were attracked, as is usually the case, and out they came to see and hear. During this part of the performance, the different phases of a drunkard's experience were well represented by those engaged, especially that of the saloon-keeper, allowing a man to remain as long as he had money and then firing him out when that was gone. After the march had retired the curtain was drawn, the platform cleared and in marched the procession again, with all the drunks in line, clothed in Army uniform, and in their right minds. Would to God this was true of every poor drunkard to-day. Then followed a number of thrilling testimonies from those who had been redeemed. I shall not give you all their testimonies, as I am taking up too much space now, but I will append a few of them.

Bro. Pearson, of Port Rowan, and Bro. Mooney, of Hagersville, were the first speakers, each gave a short but true account of the effects of strong drink, as it had been experienced by them. They told of hard-earned wages being wasted, disgraceful conduct while under the influence of drink, and other things connected with that kind of life. But, best of all, each told of a mighty Saviour they had found, homes made happy as well as being better off in body and soul. A literal heaven on earth.

Bro. Nellis Monture, a saved Indian, next sang a solo, after which he gave a very earnest and convincing testimony on the lines of holiness and entire consecration to God, as well as a short account of his life in sin before conversion. He thanked God there was salvation for every nation, even for the poor Indian; as well as for the dirty, low-sunken white sinners. He advised all the civilized white heathens to come to Jesus and get converted, or else poor Indians, like him would go into the Kingdom of God and they would all be shut out. He loved God well on Sunday, but better on Monday and so on through the week. All the way long it is Jesus. He now had a happy heart, a happy home, a happy wife, and everything else was right since he got right himself. He never got mad now, nor growled and grumbled at his wife when dinner was not ready on time, but either helped her to get it or waited till it was ready. I guess there are lots of other poor wives wishing their husbands would follow his example. God help them.

Bro. Kniffen, of Port Dover, (commonly known as Long Division) also showed up the devil in some of his old tricks, and gave some thrilling incidents of what the demon drink leads his dupes into. Now he is saved, as well as his wife and both on their way through a heaven below to a heaven on high.

Then followed a number of officers, who each gave a short testimony to the saving power of Jesus' blood, and the peace found in God's service.

Lieut. McDonald, of Waterdown, gave a short account of life among the miners in Mexico, and what sin does even for young lads. His father died, leaving him a young friendless lad, in a strange land. He wandered into sin, spending his time among theatrical companies, slack-wire performers and such bad company. He had seen many hardships, and was often strapped for food and money. On one occasion he was on the tramp and got so hungry he picked up corn on the railroad track and eat it. Yet when the Army came along he felt himself too respectable (?) to join such a crowd. There are lots more people just like he was. However, he is now saved and happy, and determined to spend his life in the service of God.

Capt. Mattie Crosby then gave a very spirited and earnest appeal to the sinners, warning so-called respectable people to beware, lest the drunkards and harlots should get into the kingdom of heaven and they would be shut out.

The meeting was then drawn to a close by singing the Doxology and prayer, during which one or two souls sought and professed to find their Saviour.

All Night of Prayer.

After an intermission of about an hour, during which most of the people procured some refreshments, we went into the All night of Prayer, being led on by Major and Mrs. Woolley. First we had a song then some prayer, after which we had a number of very pointed and definite testimonies on the lines of holiness. There was a blessed influence all through the meeting, God taking hold and leading in a wonderful way. Many souls professed to find the Pearl of Great Price, as Major called it, and I have no doubt many more will yet find it, as a result of what they felt and learned in that meeting. Things were kept lively till the early hours of the morning, when we had a grand finale, in the shape of a free-and-easy, led on by Capts. Drew and Andrews, as well as others. Major Woolley closed the meeting about four o'clock in the morning, and we all separated feeling we had spent a very profitable time indeed, and the officers left for their various stations, more determined to go in and get greater victories than ever in the future. God grant it. Amen.

CAPT. M[illegible]

The Twenty-fourth at Peterboro'.

The Corner Stone of the New Barracks Successfuly Laid.

A conspicious feature of the day's proceedings was the laying of the corner stone of the new Salvation Army Barracks on Simcoe-st., by Mr. John Sawers. Although the construction of the fine building has been somewhat advanced, provision had been made to allow of the ceremony taking place on such an auspicious occasion as the birthday of Her Majesty, and arrangements with that end in view were completed some time since. The edifice when finished will be the finest structure erected by the Army outside the cities. The seating capacity is estimated at 1,000 with platform accomodation for 200 in addition. The basement will be fitted up in rooms for the officers in charge and staff who will live on the premises.

The Army gathered at the barracks on Aylmer-st. at 2 p.m. Adjutant Bolton had been named as officer for the day, and was ably assisted by local members of the staff, including Capt. Woodgate, Capt. Savage, Lieut. Stolliker, and from a distance were Capt. Sharpe, Cobourg, Capt. Webber, Norwood, Capt. Addie, Lakefield and Capt. Carwardine, Warkworth, a lady officer. Several stirring hymns were sung, after which the soldiers formed in line and headed by the Army band marched around the block. They halted at the new barracks where a platform had been erected to accomodate the speakers and officers. At the top of the foundation, to right of main entrance, a cavity in the wall showed where the corner stone would be placed. A large concourse of people gathered to witness the ceremony.

Adjt. Bolton stepped to the front of the platform and addressed a few words of welcome, and encouragement to the Army. A short prayer by Capt. Woodgate was followed by the singing of "When the mighty Angels Trumpet Blast," prayer by Adjutant Bolton, and the song "Bless our Army," with a brief speech from soldier Spencely who finished by singing "I want to hear the flipping of the angels wings," and a short address by Sister Valois closed the first part of the ceremony.

Adjutant Bolton made a stirring address in support of the Army and its objects, and particularly as it carried the Gospel to the doors of those who would not come to the house of God. The Army was prospering, the new temple they were erecting amply proved, being no shabby affair but a credit to the street and the town.

Mr. J. Sawers came forward and earnestly spoke of the worth of the Army, its officers and soldiers, their zeal and energy and self-sacrifice. It was within his knowledge of the good accomplished in town. The doors of the new barracks would ever be open and a warm welcome always ready for all comers.

Mr. Sawers then turned, and with the assistance of those at hand, the corner stone was lowered to its place, and declared well and truly laid. Underneath the stone were placed copies of the DAILY and WEEKLY REVIEW, DAILY EXAMINER, WAR CRY and LITTLE SOLDIER. Several of the officers passed through the crowd of spectators and received a very substantial subscription to the funds of the Army.

For an hour and a half afterward an interesting time was held. Many soldiers stated their experience and expressed their confidence in the work of the Army. Capt. Davis, who had thirteen terms in prison, Capt. Jack Addie, Soldier J. Baker, Capt. Sharpe, the saved Scotchman, Lieut. Robbins and others, spoke. Cadet Boyler and other lady members gave songs which were sustained by rousing choruses.

In the evening a grand turn out was made and a general jubilee service held in the barracks on Aylmer street.—*Evening Review.*

The Fray in St. Kitts.

A FAREWELL VOLLEY.

Our hearts are oftimes gladdened by the news you give us of loved ones that have gone from our midst and the success they are having. Wouldn't you like a little from our spot in the vineyard? At any rate, we would like you to know that

St. Catharines is not Dead yet,

and just give a boiled down description of a series of farewell meetings.

As the lads got orders to farewell Saturday night, each were looking into others faces and saying, "Is it true? Oh, it's too bad, but it's always the way: just as you begin to understand a person and the tendrils of sympathy begin to twine, up they go, and it's Good-bye." Well, we asked the Father's blessing and went on the street for Jesus, and proved that Jesus lifted draws the crowd; they got some red-hot Gospel shots. Good meeting inside, soldiers with glowing faces telling how, in spite of the devil, they were nicely saved, those in the service of the enemy looking very dissatisfied, but refusing to change masters.

Sunday, 6:30 a.m., Hallelujah love-feast. Father's table was well spread—oh, the dainty morsels that were served up hot. It was there the bombshells were got to throw into the enemy's camp during the day, and every one of the thirty-three present fared well.

Holiness meeting a drawing near time. Afternoon, "Oh, it's getting better" time, the enemy keeping well at a distance. At night, as the truth was unfolded where the dear Saviour was speaking of His farewell from the earth and the Comforter was promised the work that he should do, shown so clearly, we rejoiced to know the Holy Ghost had worked on many present, bringing forth the promised fruit, which shows daily in their changed lives. We are led to believe many in that meeting would have been crying for mercy if they would only have yielded to the promptings of the Spirit, and as we think of the careless, sleepy, time-enough devil that has taken possession of these very respectable sinners of St. Catharines, we take fresh hold of God and cry, "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord," believing that our work shall yet be mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

At Soldiers' roll-call, the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit, we each could sing,

"Away in the heavens all the angels know my name—Hallelujah!"

At the final farewell, Wednesday night, oh, the faithful warning, the loving intreaties, and the prayerful, solemn invitations given to come and put our Saviour to the test were all rejected again, and we felt like crying, "Lord have mercy on these people, who have no mercy on themselves."

At the close officers and soldiers joined hands and sang, "Hiding in Thee," and parted, to meet at the judgement bar, if not before. May we all be at the right hand, is the prayer of one

HID IN THE CLEFT.

EASTWARD BOUND.

Going Down to the Sea in the Cars.

CAPT. TED YOUNG.

After fighting the old devil for some months in the Toronto T.H. District, I received marching orders for the east. So, after bidding farewell to what friends I had made, I took the cars for St. John, New Brunswick, on Thursday, May 4th calling on my way down at Montreal I. just in time to find Capt. Steel and wife clearing up things, having just had a "Six days' with God," and from what I could learn God had indeed been pouring out such power that will tell upon the people. I had the pleasure of being at the Holiness meeting at night; some two hundred met together, and things in general are on the move here. Saturday morning found me again running along the track toward the City of Quebec, where I found the Rev. Brice in full harness, also Major Spooner and Adjt. Marshall lending a hand. We had good times Sunday, two souls out, and God put them right—Hallelujah!

Monday morning by first cars to St John, arriving there Tuesday morning. After a little rest, was informed that I was to go with Adjt. Happy Bill Cooper to one or two of his stations, our first stop being Woodstock, N.B., where we found a real lot of blood-and-fire soldiers. Capt. Clipperton and wife have got things in apple-pie order. Some good sharp-shooting in the open-air and we march to the barracks for a real Hallelujah blood-and fire welcome home meeting; a crowded house; everything went off with a swing.

After a nine miles' ride over the country, we arrived at Waterville, a farming district. We had some hundred and fifty inside. The Adjutant delivered the truth, and I believe the judgment day will reveal the good done.

Week end at Fredericton. A real old-time free-and-easy, the Young man dancing all over the shop. People testified of what God had done for them in every corner of the hall. Sunday knee-drill about seventy of us met together, and God opened the windows of Heaven and let the droppings fall upon us. We were believing for the shower during the day, and, glory to God, we were not disappointed, for at eleven, in the Holiness meeting, God did speak and show up the truth. Soldiers and friends got blessed. One out for a clean heart, and one backslider. Afternoon free-and-easy, some sharp-shooting. No. 1 said the blood of Jesus cleansed him and made him ready to stand before God. 2. The way of sin made him miserable, but Jesus made him happy. When he was unsaved he was afraid of his own shadow, but now the perfect love of God took out all fear, and he was not afraid of the devil. 3. Had been a bad fellow, but God had broken the chains that bound him, and now he was saved all over and happy in the service. There were lots more, but space will not allow more.

At night a great open-air, the crowning time inside. Cadet, Lieut, and Capt. delivered the hot Gospel truth, Adjutant polled in, and we finish the day with two backsliders and one sinner. To Jesus be all the glory!

FATHER CARR—ST. JOHN I.

PROMOTED TO GLORY, MAY 21ST, 1888.

"Death is coming, coming, coming." It's quite true, and this week it has come, and dear old Father Carr has gone from the ranks of the 118th (St. John I) Corps to join the blood-washed in Glory. He was one of the Army's earliest converts in St. John, being one amongst the many who wept their way to Jesus in the "old bowling alley" while Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morton were in charge. Shortly after his conversion he joined the ranks and fought on till the other day, when Jesus said "Come up higher." During his illness, which only lasted five days, he was constantly visited, and just the day before he died I stood by his bedside and said, "Is the sky clear to-day, father," to which he replied, "Not a cloud between me and Jesus," and my heart said Hallelujah. For the past three years and three months his life has been a constant witness to the power of God to save and keep from sin, and several have said since his death that if the Salvation Army never did anything else but win Harry Carr for the Kingdom it's a blessing God sent it to St. John. He often spoke of his determination to be faithful even unto death and his desire to be buried under the flag, so his funeral was announced for Thursday at 4 o'clock, and in spite of the disagreeableness of the weather and roads, a very large crowd was present. As we marched to the grave, 100 strong, our hearts went up in gratitude to God that He has also "prepared us for eternity." A few testimonies at the grave—a sinner kneeling close by asking God for mercy—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—a prayer that God would keep us faithful till the morning, three volleys and home we come, more than ever determined to be true to God and a blessing to the dying world. We held a memorial service the following Sunday. God spoke to many hearts but none yielded. "Be ye also ready.

CAPT. IRVINE.

Promoted to Glory from Woodstock, Ont.

After a lingering illness of some months and at times suffering much, our Bro. James Kelly received orders in the still watches of Friday night to "come up higher." During his illness he was always bright and trusting. But leading in the past a very drunken, wicked life, the devil would at times reproach him with it, but Jesus never failed him. While speaking to him, a short time before he passed away, I asked him if he was sorry he had come to Jesus. He looked up with such a bright smile and said, "Oh, no, I never was, and now it will soon be all over and it is so bright." Monday we had a real S. A. funeral. As we passed down the street many a tear was shed, and we believe many a heart was touched. Sunday night at the memorial service, after the truth was poured forth, four souls decided now was the best time to start and be sure. Praise God they got liberty.

CAPT. LANGTRY.

Chopped by the Chief.

Arthur Street is one of Toronto's youngest Corps, but in some respects is in no way behind the others of older standing. I was there last week for the first enrollment, and was very much pleased with the progress made.

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About a dozen converts were enrolled as soldiers, all of whom seemed to thoroughly understand what they were about, and were filled with determination to carry out the promises made.

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They all testified, and judging from the way they put out the truth, we shall soon be having some on the candidate's roll, in fact, I think we have one or two already.

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I like to hear a testimony when a man gives the name of the firm where he works, and challenges enquiry as to whether "he doesn't live it out where he works as well as talk about it on the platform."

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But, that prayer-meeting! it did me so much good, I felt I would like to have dropped some few soldiers I know elsewhere into it—it was red-hot, just glorious.

* * *

Notice! The Captain declines to receive backsliders from other Corps, but thinks they should go and confess their wrong, and get saved at the Corps they backslid from. So do I, Captain.

* * *

After the Candidates meeting at the Training Home upstairs, I dropped into the basement down stairs, and was just in time to help the Captain and soldiers get three backsliders right with God and man. It was very refreshing to my soul to hear that man pray the Lord to bless that particular person that up to that moment he had a most bitter feeling against. Victory for Jesus!

* * *

He had been a good soldier, but backslid, and rather than let his wife know, cabled to her in the Old Country not to come over yet; he was ashamed to let her know of his spirit—so much for the work of the devil. I guess he'll cable for to come right away now, for he got saved at the "Backsliders meeting" at Lippincott the other night.

* * *

The Captain tells me everything in the meeting was directed to backsliders specially, with results, three reclaimed. Surely the plan is worth copying and trying elsewhere.

* * *

Toronto No. XI, was opened last Sunday on Centre Street, a spot admitted by all where the Army is greatly needed—from outside sources I have received congratulations on the opening in the neighborhood. Capt. Brokenshire rejoices over four souls already, with many to follow. The Candidates were on hand at the opening.

* * *

There has been a change of officers at some of the City Corps, the new officers are already feeling quite a home, and intend going in for great things.

* * *

I shall be always glad to get news of any halls or places in any way suitable for meetings to let in any part of the city or suburbs. Keep your eyes open please.

* * *

Did you sell any WAR CRYS last week, and attend all the open-air meetings you could?

* * *

There was great excitement, weeping, trunk-packing and farewelling at the Lippincott Training Home. About 14 girls were commissioned for the field, not easy stations either, by any means.

A Special Week

— IN —

MONTREAL.

MAJOR SPOONER.

Great Open-air Engagements—Bombardment of the Wharves and Haymarket—Council's and Conventions—The Daughter of the Regiment Dedicated—Great Victories and Capture of Thirty-four Souls.

The past week has been a blessed spiritual time in S. A. circles in Montreal. Great crowds attended the meetings on Sunday, and fair crowds on week nights, and the meetings were thorough deep and spiritual from commencement to the end. Saturday night was honored by God's presence, and two at the penitent-form. Sunday morning at knee-drill the throne was besieged with thorough earnest prayer, the wharves were bombarded at 10:30, and about 500 sailors and wharf strollers stood and listened to the Word of Life in breathless silence.

The Holiness meeting was a mellowing time, every soul seemed to get refreshed, three sought and found the blessing. The afternoon meeting was a lively one, no time was lost between testimonies. At night nearly 2000 listened to the truths of death, judgment, heaven, and hell, and at the close eight souls were at the mercy seat seeking pardon.

Monday night was a musical festival, and some grand music was rendered from the band, piano, organ, and concertina. God spoke through it, and three souls sought pardon.

Tuesday morning was spent in an officers' council led by the Chief-of-Staff, God wonderfully helped him and spoke through him, and every officer was lifted. The afternoon was spent in bombarding the Hay Market, and for one hour Jesus was lifted to a terrible dissipated crowd of men and women, some 300 in number. This was followed by a banquet which was really beautiful, the fine large plants spreading over the provisions gave the table a good appearance, one thing notable was the unity that existed amongst the waiters. Another was the good behaviour of those at the tables, everything was done decently and in order. At night the meeting was grand, an all-alive time. God came down at the commencement as the song "I will follow Thee my Saviour" was sung and played by the band, and all through the meeting we felt Him very near. May Spooner was dedicated to God and the Army, by the Chief-of-Staff, and God set His seal upon it, by saving seven souls.

Wednesday morning was spent in council with officers and cadets, God came very near and we each felt we learned better how to get men and women saved. An Elite meeting was held in the afternoon, but the Elite were few, business keeping them from attending. The officers and cadets enjoyed tea together, and at night officers were promoted and commissioned, and God's blessing was breathed upon them that they may move the places to where they were sent.

Thursday morning was a "Sacrifice for war" meeting, and two souls came and gave themselves fully up to God. The afternoon was a baptism of power meeting, and truly we got baptised; the night meeting and All-night of Prayer was the best it has ever been my privilege to be in. There was no great amount of noise, but such a blessed melting influence prevailed, and every soul present was bent on being blessed and was not disappointed. Some ten or twelve were at the penitent-form seeking deliverance and received it to the joy of their souls. One woman burst out praying, praising and thanking God till she was completely lost in Him.

The meetings wound up by a holiness convention on Friday night, led by Capt. Young, who reported a blessed hallowed time. Already the effects of these meetings are being felt and seen, and a revival is breaking out all over the district.

From the Queen City to the Pacific.

WEST WITH THE CONTINGENT.

CAPT. M'DOWELL.

Myself and comrades from the East had such wonderful times on our journey that I felt I must write you about it. Truly God has been with us and blessed us. As we marched down the streets of Toronto with our comrades from the Temple, and as we heard the poor man cry for mercy upon the Station platform and heard him tell of the change of heart, we felt that already God had smiled upon us and honored our devotion. At North Bay we were anxiously questioned by several as to whether the Army was coming there. After passing Port Arthur in the midst of a heavy snow storm, we got into conversation with a Presbyterian minister, who was working amongst the Railroad men along the C.P.R., and who told us of a glorious work being done in a mission at at Pt. Arthur, and of eight shanty-men being saved a week or so previous. Bless God.

We reached Winnipeg Sunday afternoon in time to join the march, and our comrades gave us a royal welcome in real S.A. style. The meetings at Winnipeg were splendid, especially Sunday night, I don't think I ever felt more of God's power in a meeting. One remarkable feature was that as we went into the prayer meeting the side doors were opened for the people to pass out, and as they did so their places were as quickly filled from the front door. Three or four prodigals came back and were welcomed, after which we had a proper wind-up.

Monday morning we received our orders to proceed to the coast by Tuesday's train. Our little company was as yet unbroken, and away we speed, and as we sweep across the prairie I understood better what Bryant has written:

"Lo! they stretch in airy undulations far away
As if the ocean in its mightiest swell stood still,
And motionless forever."

Truly "great are the wondrous work of God."

At Brandon we say good-bye to Capt. Fletcher, salute two or three comrades who tell us they have been having souls saved all along, and on we go rejoicing that God's name is being glorified. At Moosejaw Capt. Staple and her Lieut. met us at the train with some refreshments and told us of a hard fight, so with a few encouraging words and prayer on the platform we glide along. Another stop at Calgary, where Capt. Dawson tells us he is having a hard pull, but some dear soldier lads stand by him. As we had neared Calgary we sat opposite a poor Indian lad, who was guarded by one of the Mounted Police, having been arrested for stealing; and whilst we respect the laws of our land we couldn't help thinking something different must be done if they are to be won for our Master. You who are taking your ease in Zion, think about it, and not only think but act—do something to get these poor people enlightened. Not merely civilized but converted.

As we awake next morning and find that already we are into the Rockies, language fails to discribe it, and we are "lost in wonder, love and praise," to God our Father. Soon some miners get on the train and we find plenty to do. They urged us to sing, one of their favorites being, "What shall I do to be saved?" One of them gave us a nice little donation, and as he said he didn't own a Bible we gave him a Testament, which he promised to read. Lord save them!

We reach Vancouver Friday noon, where Capt. Harris and Lieut. Brereton, who take charge of Victoria, stop for the night, and Lieut. Richardson and myself go on to Victoria. Next morning accompanied by Lieut. Greatrex we proceed to open Nanaimo, of which I am sending a report this morning. There are many other interesting items I might mention but space will fail. Suffice it to say that we remain beautifully saved and more devoted to the war than ever.

Bombardment of Nanaimo.

Bless God we still advance, and myself and two Lieuts. on our arrival at once prepared for battle. We found the city so populous that we could neither get lodgings or rest rooms, so that we had to sleep in the hall, but the disciple is not above his Master, who had not where to lay his head.

As we walked out Sunday morning to see where to "plant our guns," we noticed the people coming in from all directions. The three of us took our stand on the street corner at 10.30, sang, prayed, and testified, and invited the people to the hall. They came, too, and although these coal-miners are looked upon by some people as "roughs," yet we find they have big hearts, and we are believing for a host of properly saved soldiers from amongst them. We were reinforced by a dear lad who had been a soldier in Wales, and had stood his ground bravely. The morning meeting was good, but the afternoon was better, and we couldn't help noticing the falling tears from several in the audience.

Night meeting was just as good and a larger crowd; hall packed and quite a number turned away. No one came forward but we felt God was working, and believe for great results. The lads took hold of the singing properly, showing that they were suited with the style of it. Indeed we are sure that the singing will get into their hearts.

Questions and Answers for all Sorts of People.

This column is devoted to the curious and uncertain. All questions referring to S. A. rules, regulations, modes, and measures, will be answered, all doctrinal and controversial questions will be omitted. Questions must be accompanied by name and address of the sender.—

1. If a soldier is convinced through a careful study of the Bible, that he should observe the two ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, what should he do, when the observance of either would be contrary to the doctrines of the Army?

If you are quite certain that God has called you to observe certain ceremonial usages, you have either to obey or become disobedient, it is a matter for your own conscience, and no man has a right to dictate to you in it. You must, however, be careful in distinguishing between the direction of God's spirit and the inclinations of your own mind. You are mistaken in supposing that those things are contrary to the teaching of the Army, we may not believe these things are absolutely necessary to Salvation, and we do not practice them ourselves, but we fail to find a word in the Rules and Regulations or Doctrines and Discipline which forbid a soldier either being baptised or taking the Lord's supper, as a matter of fact we do hear of certain corps having what is known as a "Love Feast" which appears to us to be a distinction without a difference. Of course if the Christian churches object to administer these forms, except to their own members, that is not our fault, and this being so as you cannot be a soldier of the Army and a member of a church at the same time, therefore, through their narrowness, not ours, you would have to choose between the two.

2. How is it that the particulars of soldiers' deaths and funerals are not more fully given in the WAR CRY. I have known the most edifying death-beds and impressive funerals dismissed in a few lines of the most ordinary description, and particulars and incidents of the most instructive lives passed over altogether?

Your complaint is a most just one, but the Editorial Staff are in no wise to blame, the particulars of these things can only reach them through the officers or soldiers of the various corps where they occur, and where any particulars are forwarded they are always gladly written up and improved. It not unfrequently happens that what particulars do come to hand have to be written for after the notices of deaths have been seen in the secular papers, of course pressure of work upon local officers in some cases is the cause of this, but in many instances we fear it arises from the disinclination of some to give themselves a little trouble in matters a little outside of their particular duties. We hope, however, your question will lead to an improvement in this direction.

S. H.—Your long letter in condemnation of "drunken scenes" upon the platform to hand, we personally are in sympathy with some of your remarks. We believe, to make light of sin, is a mistake, if not something more than a mistake. Solomon says, "Fools make a mock of sin," and to imitate or burlesque the horrible deformities of drunkenness, in order to amuse, certainly comes under this head. It should be the aim of all good people to arouse in men's minds, and especially in the minds of the young, a detestation and repugnance to these things, and we certainly do think that to put a comic side upon vice either by representation or narrative has the opposite effect to this, and thus far we go with you. But there is another aspect of the question, the eye is a wonderful channel for instruction, and through it conviction can often be carried to the mind where mere words or exhortation fail, for instance a "chalk-talk," or a "black-board" lesson may be taken on this line, and we are sure this was the only motive of our comrades at the meeting in question. Surely if by showing the folly of drinking customs in one scene, and then showing in another the joy and happiness of salvation and sobriety, a lesson for good can be carried to any soul you would at least admit that the end had justified the means, this has been done over and over again and we believe the representations in question had this desired result. We certainly would not advocate the doing of evil that good might come, because such we hold is an impossibility, good cannot come out of evil. But where good has resulted, it at least should stop criticism, and though the means may not be to our individual liking we should thank God that by any means some have been saved.

CAPT. H. W.—Any person who wilfully and without authority opens a letter addressed to another, commits a theft, that is, they *steal* another's secrets which are the same as cash or goods. He that would be saved it is necessary before all things that he should be honest. Another and very weighty reason, with some at least, for refraining from such acts is that persons so doing are in danger of penitentiary for tampering with Her Majesty's mails. This of course does not in any way affect the right of parents or guardians of children or minors, but no other person whatever has any rights in the matter. It is all *wrong*.

AN ACROSTIC.

S. D. ——, QUEBEC.

Banished, because that His mercy I spurned,
As Adam, for sin, from the Garden was turned;
Child once of heaven, but herrid to tell,
Kindled in me are the fires of hell.
Sentenced to roam in the wilds of despair,
Lash'd by a conscience that knows not to spare;
Image of Him whom my soul once abhored—
Damned, till I turn and be saved by the Lord,
Embracing His mercy, I taste of His peace—
Refusing, am doomed to eternal disgrace.

Morrisburg in the Ottawa District and Nanaimo, B.C., are the latest advances and both places were attacked with success. The village of Woodslee has also been opened as an outpost from Essex Centre.

* * *

Camp meetings will soon be the order of the day. Woodstock and Palmerston divisions are expected to unite amongst the picturesque rocks of Elora. The Training Home and Toronto Districts will go into camp at Malvern and a grand rally of the Hamiltonians is looked for at Grimsby of revival fame.

* * *

There have recently been some changes in the Training Homes Staff. Ottawa is made into a Training Depôt and Brigade. Capt. Matthews leaves Brantford to take charge there. Capt. Grayson, from the Lippincott Corps takes charge of the Brantford Depôt. Capt. Ludgate and wife, of Ottawa, remove to Owen Sound, and Capt. ...itch, of Acton, takes charge of the Lancers at Lippincott Street.

* * *

Adjutant Van Allen is installed in the Training Home Division as A. D. C. to the Chief of Staff.

* * *

Several more officers have volunteered for India, amongst whom are two of the Divisional Staff. It is expected that Major ...sa Bhai and party will return with the Commissioner on a visit to further the cause of the Indian work.

* * * *

The Chief Builder had a very narrow escape a few days ago in the city, his buggy coming into collision with a hose-reel, which was on its way to a fire. Capt. ...xton was thrown over the dash-board and fell at the horse's heels, which animal, like a proper war-horse, kept perfectly quiet and cool amidst the excitement or the Captain must have inevitably received serious if not fatal injuries. He was, however, able to spring to his feet and give his testimony to the assembled crowd, assuring them he was nicely saved and prepared for all emergencies. The driver of the reel was also thrown to the ground but Providentially escaped injury.

* * *

We are sorry to chronicle sad news from India. A telegram from Bombay a few days ago informed us that Capt. Parker, formerly of the Dominion Headquarters, was down with cholera, and this has been supplemented by the intelligence that Capt. ...mart, of England, has died, and that Colonel Weeresooriye was also in serious danger from the same disease. Staff-Capt. Blanche Cox has been sick with small-pox, but is convalesent, but Capt. Hindmarsh and Lieut. Jansen are seriously ill with the same dreadful scourge. We are sure that our Indian comrades will be unceasingly hold in the arms of faith and prayer by all our readers, and we trust and believe that before another issue we shall be able to report that all are better, and that the heavy cloud o'er shadowing the Indian field shall through the loving kindness of our good God have been lifted.

* * *

We are also obliged to ask continued prayer for our recently bereaved comrade, Capt. Mrs. Robinson, who is still in a state of great weakness and prostration.

WAR SCRIBE.

It was a queer mixture of sounds at the Union Depôt when the Contingent farewelled for the North-West and the Coast last week, the platform was blocked with Salvationists and outsiders, the band playing, soldiers singing and shouting, a few friends weeping; the ungodly scoffing, but the most musical sound to my ears, was the poor backslider kneeling on the platform, crying to God for mercy amidst all the other noise, the Lord heard his cry, and sent deliverance.

OUR TRAINING HOMES

The St John Lasses.

Thank God we still enjoy the presence of His spirit to lead us on, and from our hearts we can say, "Where He leads we will follow." There have been many changes since last report. On Wednesday our T. H. Mother farewelled for Toronto. We all went to the station with her and after having a little prayer, sang,

Keep us true to the vows we have spoken,
And we never shall be at a loss;
All the way from earth to heaven
We'll be Training Home girls at the Cross.

Our hearts were very sad to see dear Mother going, but we felt we could give her up for the war. We promised to be true and meet her in heaven. Capt. Phillipe (our step mother for a few days) led the Sunday afternoon meeting and we had a blessed time. The evening meeting was led by Cadet-Capt. Milner, who, with our other two sisters, farewelled for the field. Our little family circle is getting broken up, but if true we will all meet on the Hallelujah Strand.

CADET G. ALLAN.

The Lads at Yorkville.

We are glad to be able to report victory and success during the past week. Although some of us have been a very short time in the Home we feel that God has blessed us, and is fitting us for the great work of rescuing souls. Our sales of WAR CRYS has been an increase on the preceding week. Some of us find it rather hard to sell WAR CRYS; we hear so much about going to work and getting a pick and shovel. One dear old man (God bless him) told us he would get a constable and have us arrested for being a nuisance on the street. We just asked God to bless him and went on our way rejoicing.

Our open-air meetings have been a success. We have seen tears rolling down the faces of those who have long been in the service of Satan. We are believing that God has used those meetings as the means of bringing conviction to many hearts, that we will meet in the realms of the blest. Our meetings on Sunday were times of special blessing. We held meetings in Queen's Park, where hundreds of all classes resort to pass away the time, and while infidels tried to give perishing souls a push toward hell we held up Jesus as the sinner's Friend. Hundreds listened as we told of the power of God to save. We are looking forward to grand times in the future, when the kingdom of Satan will suffer defeat and the name of God will be glorified. May God grant it.

CADET T. A. MACKE.

Open-air Work.

Praise God we are still marching on with King Jesus as our Leader, although the fight is tough we are gaining ground, things are beginning to look brighter, and we feel more like going ahead than ever. As we are holding open-airs we feel sure the arrow of conviction is driven home to many a heart, and while speaking to the people we have seen the tears trickle down some of their cheeks, which shows clearly that God's spirit is convicting them of sin and unrighteousness. Glory be to God. Our prayer for them is that the wounds may still be made deeper and the tears to flow more freely till they can hold out no longer, but fall at the feet of Jesus who will blot out the past and fill their hearts with joy. One dear brother, all the way from "bonnie auld Scotland," who had served the Lord for fourteen years, stepped into the ring and told of a Saviour's love, and of a Saviour's power to save and keep, how the Lord had kept him saved and happy for fourteen years, and how he felt more than ever like pressing onward to the mark of the prize of his high calling. May God abundantly bless him and all such people who are not afraid to speak for Him wherever they may be.

CADET FORMAN.

"Gleams of light from the thick of the fight."

The latest returns to hand show that 65,483 people congregated in Army barracks on Sunday night throughout the Dominion and Newfoundland, to hear the "Old, old story," as told by the Hallelujah preachers.

* * *

The week's fight resulted in the capture of one hundred and eighty prisoners, the largest hauls being at Montreal I, 20: Temple, 15 and Bay Roberts, 9.

* * *

3,227 persons made the "sacrifice," and attended Sunday 7 a.m. knee-drill, where they no doubt got a good meal. The largest attendance was at Carbonear, Newfoundland, 160, Freeport and West Winchester.

* * *

During the week 1,819 open-airs have been held and the number of soldiers who turned out on a given night was 4,544, which is an improvement.

* * *

The largest musters of forces were at Carbonear, 183; Hamilton, 101; Montreal I, 100; Temple, 85; Rockwood, 63: Charlottetown, 60; St. Stephen, 60; Hillsdale, 54; and also Lippincott St., Guelph and Owen Sound.

* * *

Our officers visited 5,844 houses during the week in 3,000½ hours; the best work done was at—

	Hours Occupied.	Houses Visited.
Cobourg	44½	86
Galt	30	90
Dutton	32	87
North Head	40	44
Ingersoll	31	50
Carleton	24	61
Kingston	24	61
St. John I, N.B.	20½	56
Berlin	23	57
Cornwall	19	62
Beeton	22	50

* * *

For reasons unknown to us the visiting at the following places was considerably below the average:—

	Hours Occupied.	Houses Visited.
Stayner	0	2
Beamsville	8	8
Pembroke	8	8
Bay Roberts	8	5
Emerson	8	8
Fergus	8½	6
Minnedosa	8	10
Consecon	5	6
Salisbury	5	8
Belleville	5½	8
Carbonear	5	10
Freeport	5	10
Stephen	5	10

* * *

The Training Home returns received are—

	Hours Occupied.	Houses Visited.	WAR CRYS Sold.
Brantford (lasses)	22	91	200
St. John (lasses)	15	89	

* * *

Ninety-three reports, for insertion in the WAR CRY, were received this week at the Editorial Department. One signed "Capt. N. M. Cooke" missed fire, having forgotten to state from whence it was written.

SUB.

SOME people have got souls the size of the watch pocket of a midge.

GUARD your penitent-forms and take care who deals with those who come forward.

MARRIAGE

— OF —

BRIGADE-CAPT. BEATTY

— AT —

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

The Market Hall was well filled last evening to witness the marriage of Brigade-Capt. Benjamin Beatty, of Charlottetown, and Cadet Nellie Alice Lane, of St. John, N. B. About a quarter to eight o'clock, after a march around and an open-air meeting on the square, the Army, headed by their band, filed into the hall by the rear entrance. The officers and soldiers, with one or two exception, wore red sashes in addition to the regulation uniform, and presented a picturesque appearance. All, with the exception of those who acted as ushers and vendors of "song books" and WAR CRYS, occupied seats on the platform, in front of which was suspended a banner bearing the inscription, "United to Win," in large letters.

About eight o'clock Brigade-Capt. Beatty and the prospective bride, and Sergeant Knight and Major Margetts, were ushered in by Capt. McLean, and shown to seats on the platform. They were received with a rousing volley. Brigade-Capt. Beatty's countenance indicated the happiness he felt; Cadet Lane looked flushed and nervous as she faced the audience. Both wore the Army uniform with no other distinguishing mark.

Major Margetts, of St. John, N. B., who acted as master of ceremonies throughout the evening, opened the proceedings with singing, in which he was joined by the soldiers and audience, all standing. Then came prayer by Capt. Webb, of Summerside, which was followed by more "around the house" singing.

After a solo by Capt. Webb the Major called for a few testimonies. A youthful cornet player was the first to tell what the Lord had done for him, and several others followed suit—two sometimes starting together. These testimonies were interspersed with solos and choruses, "Happy Jack" Jackson favoring the audience with a solo descriptive of what the Army was doing for the sinner, accompanying himself on the banjo, the soldiers and audience joined in the chorus.

Then there was a solo by Major Margetts, followed by chorus singing and praying, interspersed with testimonies. The Major next made a few remarks complimentary to Brigade-Captain Beatty and his intended bride, and read the regulations governing members of the Army who entered the married state. Both having signified their acceptance of these conditions, the marriage ceremony was proceeded with, Rev. J. M. McLeod, of Zion Church, officiating. The bride was supported by Sergeant Knight, and the groom by Captain McLean. The responses were given in a clear voice by both the contracting parties, and at the conclusion of the ceremony they were treated to showers of rice.

Next came prayer, led by Rev. Mr. McLeod, and addresses and singing by Capt. Webb, Major Margetts and the bride and groom. When the two latter rose to speak they were received with volleys of rice, in the midst of which Major Margetts rose to a point of order, facetiously remarking that if the audience had any rice to spare they had better send it to the Home for the bride to make nice things with; he then announced that they intended holding a prayer meeting, and the greater portion of the audience left the Hall.

In addition to the officers and soldiers of the Army in this city, there were present the commanders of the corps in Summerside, Montague and Georgetown.—*Daily Examiner.*

HOLINESS

Upsetting One's Sanctification.

COMMISSIONER TUCKER.

The devil has two plans for upsetting our sanctification, and as he is making use of both, it is well for us to be on our guard, since we are not ignorant of his devices. Some people are

Destroyed by Peace.

They are tempted to take it easy, relax their efforts, lower their standard, swim with the tide, do as others do, not be too particular. Thus inch by inch, and often unconsciously to themselves, he filches their purity away. The devil is a clever pick-pocket, and we often do not guess his presence till our heavenly coins are in his hand, and he is running off. The only thing to do is to give chase, raise an outcry, call the Police and recover our treasure. Sometimes we catch him with his hand in our pockets. We must not hesitate to expose him and give him up to justice. Sometimes he will unlatch a door, or climb a wall, while we are asleep, and if caught in the act will try to murder us. Not long ago two thieves broke into the house of a European. He woke up in time to see them escaping with what they had taken, but could not stop them. The next night he expected their return, and was on the lookout for them. They entered and commenced their work of plunder. Suddenly he sprung upon them. With one blow he cut off the leg of a thief who was kneeling before a box. The other one rushed at him with a knife, but had his arm cut off. Both were secured. Some of us have been robbed more than once. Let us look out for these burglars in future, and deal as sharply with them.

Destroyed by War.

The devil delights in carnage. He revels in blood. His appetite is never slaked. Souls he must and will have, if not by fair pretences, then by every species of foul brutality. No wonder then that he marks out and pursues with all his malice those who profess to be holy. No wonder that he levels at them all his fiery darts. No wonder that he makes them fight every inch of the way in their soul-saving course. No wonder that in these latter days he marks out the Army for his special attention. No wonder that hundreds are imprisoned, beaten, assaulted, libelled, opposed—and that not malefactors, but those who are living holy, pure, spotless lives before God and man.

The Devils Object

in all this is to upset our sanctification and provoke us to give up our hold on God.

1. By getting angry with our persecutors. To rebuke them is often our duty, but we must beware lest we bring any personality into the matter. We may be jealous for the honor of our God, grieved and even angry at the hardness of their hearts but there must be no scrap of self in what we do or say. Our very tones and looks must show that the rebuke is in the name of God.

2. By losing our patience. We cannot help *feeling* wrongs and oppression, especially when levelled at the poor and helpless, but this just gives an opportunity for patience to shine the more brightly, like stars up in a moonless night. Patience will do its best to shield the oppressed, and when all human means have failed, will calmly face the tyrant, like Gordon at Khartoum, and dare him to do his worst.

3. By returning evil for evil, and reviling for reviling. Our weapons are not carnal. Even Michael the Archangel durst not bring against the devil a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee.

4. By getting discouraged and retreating. How the devil rejoices when he can persuade some one to give up the fight, because the authorities are against them, the papers criticise them and they are exposed to the merciles cruelty of wife beaters, stone throwers and "skeletons" of all kinds.

Why does God allow it?

1. To test us. Real holiness will stand the severest trial. Neither man, nor devil can rend it. It is advertised, like Messrs. Moses' cloth, as "untearable.' Instead of getting spoilt, the quality improves with use.

2. To purify us. If there is a bit of dross about us, there is nothing like the fire for purging it away.

3. To glorify His name. Holiness never shines so brightly as in the darkest times of persecution. Just like a black background will help to make more conspicuous the white letters written across it, so with holiness. The devil but helps to glorify God. That which without a back ground would be almost invisible, now stands out so clearly that he who runs may read.

Comrades!

Let us not shrink from persecution, but rather let us glory in it, taking care only that we preserve always a conscience voidly of offence towards God and man. Then the devil instead of upsetting our sanctification will only, to his infinite mortification, improve and advertise it through all the world. Hallelujah!

EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL.

CAPTAIN NEEDHAM.

Now then we talk much about Holiness and we write much about holiness. Anybody can talk, and most people can write, but do we live it out? God help us to live it out—to be as good as we pretend to be. To *be holy* is to have

A Cleansed Heart.

A surrendered consecrated Christian if asked the state of his heart should be able to answer any moment: *Cleansed by the blood of Jesus.* We often hear people say I have given up *this sin* and *that sin* but a *holy man* is cleansed from all sin. He is one whose old carnal nature is in the coffin, sealed down and put in the grave. We talk about dress and smoking and some one comes to you and says, "*What did you give it up for?*" And you know, don't you, if you gave the true answer it would be, "*Because if I did not they would have thought I was not so good as I made out to be.*" Look here we sometimes give up all that can be seen outwardly and yet we have not

Heart Cleansing,

and so we go on very well for a time and people say "*that's a good soldier.*" But the devil knows all about it, so he just whispers to the first thing God want us to do; "Oh, God does not want this or that." And because the *heart is not right* with God and we are not

Seeking God's Glory.

because the affections are not on things above, a *so-called good soldier* becomes a backslider. Standing on the beach the other day and watching the steamers in harbor taking in cargo and preparing for the voyage, I thought they will soon be out on the ocean; storms will come before they get to the other side; and the proper ballast is as needful as the compass, the sail, and the chart. Yes, a ship *wants ballast*, and this is just what some people *utterly* and *entirely lack.* Have you got it! You have got your chart all right and you study it. The word of God is valued by you. Read by you. You have got your compass and your sail. Excellent things! but unless you have

The Ballast of Holiness

you will make shipwreck. If you have not it, will you at all costs get it. With it you shall sail safely across life's troubled stormy ocean. With it as a Salvation Soldier your life shall be one of *usefulness* and *happiness.* You will have the power to *go forward in the fight* and take your share in the glorious work of winning the world for Jesus. With it you need never say "*I can do nothing in this matter.*" You need not complain "*My talents are so small,*" for your

Life will be a Power.

And instead of making any excuse you will go to God and tell Him you want to do His will, and you shall be filled with the Holy Ghost and used by Him in the Salvation of precious souls.

On the other hand you may have a good education, speak well, sing well, possess splendid talent, live a good *outside* life and yet your real life be a miserable failure, a life wasted!!

Lord fill the S. A. with

Holy, Devoted, Determined

men and women. Willing to suffer, willing to make any sacrifice, to be permeated with the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost.

SANCTIFYING GRACE.

There has been a great deal written and spoken from time to time about this sanctifying grace to which many are greatly opposed to its teachings and decive themselves by fancying it will be too much, on their part to say they are holy. I am glad I find in God's Word, so unmistakeable clear that I am to be holy, for without which I cannot see Him. Remember, if your faith can never keep you from sin, it will never keep you from going to *hell*, and faith that cannot carry you to your duty, will not carry you to *heaven*. True faith has its sanctifying grace. Hallelujah! I am glad I enjoy it for its virtue is all from the Precious Cleansing Blood, which I am privileged to enter the Holiest by the Blood of Jesus. They that seek God for righteousness through the finished works of Christ, ought also to seek Him as their Sanctification. True faith looks to Christ for Holiness as well as happiness, and draws power from Him for killing sin, and quickening him in the path of duty. Oh! how many professing Christians there are who deprive themselves of this glorious blessing because of their unbelief, they fail to believe the God who has called them from their sins, to the highway of Holiness. The way we are told is so narrow, that nothing unclean can find a footing on it. Save the pure in heart. It's only the pure ones are on this way to see Him. God always purifies His children through the fire of affliction. Reader, if you have not had this refining fire as yet, purifying and burning all the dross of sin, you may have it the moment you are willing to be a complete sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, for it is God's will even your Sanctification. Then why be determined to roam in the wilderness of sin, when God wants you to get into the "Canaan of Perfect Love." Take a deeper look at Calvary and claim the promise, and oh! Hallelujah you will come out complete in His Love.

J. W. J.

A FIXED HEART.

I often sing:

"My heart is fixed,—Eternal God,—
Fixed on Thee, fixed on The,
And my unchanging choice is made;—Christ for me."

And as I sing a deep feeling of intense and unspeakable joy overwhelms my soul. My heart is fixed not in the frail evanescent things of this world, not on any of my own deceptive feelings, or on any human support. I am glad it is not. Once it was. But now I can realize the blessed difference, the changed life, the joy untold. My ideas, ambitions, feelings, trust, love, prospects, everything have taken quite a different turn. The heart, the seat of all these, has undergone a thorough and wonderful change. It has resigned something and received something. It has had a promotion. Resigned sin, received Jesus, and promoted from a lower world of a higher world.

I Feel it. I Know it. I Enjoy it.

I love to trust God, in Jesus my Saviour and as I trust I take Him as my only solace and hope, my joy and my all in all. My heart is fixed when I compare my past life with the present, its a wonder to myself. How is it that I now love the things which I once hated and hate the things which I once loved? Shall I give credit to time, imagination or self or shall I shout Hallelujah and glory to Jesus. Yes let Jesus be all the praise. Thank God my heart is fixed on Him in all circumstances. I very very often feel anxious. The feeling of love towards sinners, especially those of my own dearest and nearest ties gives me a terrible wound in my heart. But since I have resigned everybody and everything into His hands, my heart is more than ever fixed upon God. I am a soldier of the Cross and as such I cannot "entangle myself with the affairs of this life that I may please Him who hath chosen me to be a soldier." I have enlisted myself for the War and I am striving for mastery over the devil by the grace of God, not for wealth or position or rosy beds of ease. Bless His name.

Sometimes as we march along the streets we almost feel suffocated by the dust that rises from under our feet. It reaches our faces, noses, mouths, eyes &c. but on looking up higher we see the birds of the air flying about happy and gay, where the dust can never reach them that they enjoy the fresh and pure breezes of the sky.

In like manner as I walk along the path of Christ, my very heart feels light and happy and joyous because it bears its flight, its affections and desires and interests high up straight to the throne of God where it enjoys the presence and fulness of my blessed Saviour. He is the sole attractive power that draws me from the world in a glorious and heaven directed manner to Him, and hence as fruits, a thousand new desires, new aims, new prospect of a ten thousand more exalted nature creep in.

The Army and Myself.

I.—Why I need the Army.

I need the Salvation Army's cheer. The first thing that strikes most people when they meet our Army is the happy, cheerful way it has. This comes from the happy experience of its soldiers and officers. There is a "free-and-easy" swing about their meetings, about the song-books, the pamphlets, the volumes of addresses and reports and about the WAR CRY. They have even a cheerful way of meeting attacks and criticisms. They seem to have learned what it means to "rejoice and leap for joy when persecuted for righteousness sake," and "when men speak all manner of evil of them falsely."

Now I need such cheer and romance because there is so much to depress and dampen one's ardor. So much gloom, so many discouragements, such mountain difficulties. That word *mountain* reminds me of Napolean Bonaparte crossing the Alps. He knew his soldiers needed some special stir in going into that tremendous job; so he had the music play as they marched up the steep, snowy, mountain sides; and when they came to an almost impassable barrier, he would order the bugles to sound a charge. Up they went with a shout! I need to have some shouting, glad, praising souls about me.

I need the Army's courage, its holy boldness. Like Jacob at Penuel they have power with God and man and they prevail. What a bold man was Moses in his praying! God called him the meekest man on earth. But some of his prayers seem just the reverse of meek. The Army makes very bold work in praying. A secular paper said that our officers did not need to *come into* God's presence, because they did not go out of it. General Booth feels that he is a General appointed of God. It would be a pity if God had no Generals for His armies on earth. And if they are Generals it is a pity that they are ashamed to say so. Our Army officers feel that they are Royal Ambassadors. It makes them bold, pushing, valiant. This don't mean self-conceit and impudence. If that devil catches an officer and can't he cast out by a few Holiness meetings and half nights of prayer, he very soon finds, like Absalom, that his pride-locks put a end to his fighting. S. A. soldiers are brave. Faith makes us brave. Being with Jesus keeps us bold. Oh Lord make us still bolder! Say what you like about badges, uniforms and banners, to, they help our lads and lasses to be bold,

... wants us to confess Him before men; in most parts of Satan's kingdom it is pretty strong confession of Jesus to put the marks of this desperate, sin-hating, sin-fighting Army.

Oh yes, you can criticise, a hundred times easier than you can bear the Cross our soldiers do. But I am glad I belong to just such a daring, valiant Army. I like it. It stirs me up. "You don't like such a stirring?" Be honest and say you don't like it.

I need the Army union and discipline. "Oh, that's still worse," you say. You prefer an easy going, slip-shod rabble where every fellow can do as he pleases—much like a lot of boys after school. Union and discipline must go together. Look at God's plan as to family discipline. And you know Christ and the Apostles told the people to obey the Roman government of that time, though they well know the wicked Cesars and Herods who held the sceptre. I had much rathey obey our Queen-Empress than to start a little empire of my own. And I far prefer to fight under the scriptural regulations of the Salvation Army than to try to run a one-horse machine of my own manufacture.

I like discipline. It braces a person up. It has the idea of union with your fellows. It shows a giving up of some of your own will for the common good. That means ... Government puts up a notice in the park, "Don't touch the flowers." Now I like a fine rose; but I know if I could take one, everybody else could too, and then there would be no park and pretty flowers to gladden the hearts of thousands daily.

Discipline keeps all at work in harmony. It keeps the thousands of busy bees bringing in honey, and stings the chronic drones out of the hive.

I need the Army love. I am glad I know our dear General and his wife. I wish you knew them personally. You may know them pretty well by their "War Crys," books and good report at large. By their fruits you may know them. I love them. ... love them. I love our Army ... I love hosts who are not in our Army. Our Army is a loving and lovely ... We love each other because we love God. Also because we hate the devil and his works.

I need the Army's fire and power. That means the boldness and love spoken of above, and more too. It means the power of God as He has condescended to display it in the Army. He is no respecter of persons. He has no elect favorites in one place. But He says that His eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong towards those whose hearts are perfect towards Him. He loves to dwell with the lowly. He delights to take weak and despised things and make them strong to use for His glory. So He takes our humble workers and our despised work and puts His own spirit in it. I love to be among a people so moved of the Holy Ghost. Do you say that I ought to go among icebergs to let my light shine? Yes, several of us go together and make it better for the poor frozen souls.

I need still more. The Army methods and measures I see to be suited to the work God wants me to do. If I had time, I might explain a little of the science of our war. But now I will only point to the simple fact that this work succeeds gloriously in bringing men to Jesus. "Nothing succeeds like success." I want success. In earthly business, men feel that they must win or wreck. But my business is one of eternal importance. Can I go on in a treadmill of form and duty and see no fruit? No, I must succeed. God has sent me, and to fail would be criminal. Oh how I enjoy the determined purpose of the Army to have real and marked success. Officers and corps who get no permanent results do not have bushels of sympathy poured upon them, as though the Lord's hand was shortened and His ear heavy.

The world-wide aggression, I love. The bound-to-win spirit. I love the idea of capturing the world for Jesus. It is God's idea. It is His promise. It is His command. God wants the Army to do this work. The Army wants to do it. Here comes in the martyr spirit. "We'll conquer or we'll die."

The heaven-spirit of the Army I love. Marching *to* heaven now, and soon we'll be marching *through* heaven. Glory in our hearts down here until our hearts get into glory up there.

Perhaps you say you can get all these nice things outside of our Army. But DO YOU GET this faith, zeal and love? Do you HAVE this power, fire and fruit? If you really have, I am VERY GLAD. Go on, get more. If you have not got all God wants you to enjoy, be sure you are willing to do what God wants you to, so that He can bless you to the full.

I need the Salvation Army; its corps, its comrades, its grand march to war. I need still more of its soul-winning, world-conquering spirit. I am glad I can share its shame and [illegible]. I am sure I shall be in its ranks as we go sweeping through the gates washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

More next week. G.

ONLY WAITING!

S. C. AUXILIARY.

It was my privilege to attend to-day a meeting held for the Indians by an Auxiliary. Thank God that the way is thus preparing for the Saviour's love to take a mighty hold on the aborigines of British Columbia.

About thirty-five Indians gathered into a small room to listen to one of God's children telling them of a Saviour's love. Oh, how each one seemed to listen, from the oldest to the youngest, and conviction could be seen on some faces. All could not understand what was said or sung, but those that did promised to explain to the others. And how they like to hear the songs of Salvation.

And thank God that while they are only waiting to understand the great plan of Salvation, the love that Jesus has for them, and how they may live by faith before they step out into all the light and liberty of the Son of God, Jesus is working in their hearts, and showing them by His Spirit, and helping them to understand. When the Mountaineer's Brigade is started the Indians will flock to the meetings, and soon numbers will be testifying to a present salvation. Oh, God grant it, I do believe.

And, sinner, you who have been brought up in all the light of civilization and heard of Jesus love every day nearly, are you waiting before you give yourself to God? If you are, why? You know the conditions of salvation and don't need to wait before you accept them. Ah, I am afraid it is the devil makes you put it off. Jesus wants you NOW, not to-morrow, for to-morrow may never come. Before to-morrow you may be summoned to answer for the deeds done in the body. How many times have you heard of someone, perhaps a friend, being almost persuaded to give themselves to Christ, but "not to-night" was the answer, and before the morning came they have stood before the bar of God—mercy gone, judgment come! My brother, come to Jesus while He calls you.

Someone who may read this is waiting till they get the feeling. Jesus doesn't say, "When you get the feeling then come unto me. He says, "Come unto me," "Whosoever will, may come." He doesn't say "Whosoever feeleth like coming may come," but "whosoever will." Whether you feel like it or not, if you determine to quit your sin, you can come. You know you are a sinner and you want to live without it. That is what God wants, and in that you and God agree. Why not take one more step and say, "Lord, I am a sinner, and I want to live without sin; I don't feel, but I am determined, by Thy help, to forsake my sin—save me?" He will, don't doubt it, but come. Jesus is only waiting for you to surrender, and He comes and saves.

And in a far higher sense He speaks to those who know their sins forgiven, but who all know there is a higher life for them to live. They want this Holiness, but they think they don't feel enough to get it. Consecration, not feeling, is what will bring it. My brother, consecrate yourself to God. Don't wait. There may be sinners going to hell every day whom you are sending there because you don't consecrate yourself to God so you can be used by Him to bring them to the Cross. Will you let Him help you? Look at it in the light of eternity, and ask yourself, "Will my waiting mean Heaven or hell" —WHICH?

The Substance and the Shadow.

AN EXPERIENCE.

FROM QUEBEC.

DEAR WAR CRY,—Having read with delight and interest the experience of several of the S. A.'s at one time "Rough Diamonds," but at present "Bright Jewels," and having got greatly blessed several times by reading such, I have been led to try and write my experience, which perhaps may be used by God to prove a blessing to some soul who might be in the same position as I was.

Well then to begin with, God was good to me in giving me good parents, who from my earliest childhood taught me to be good, and I can safely say that it is owing to their early teaching under God that I am what I am to-day. Well, as I grew up in body, of course my ideas began to grow also, and soon I grew *too big* to attend Sunday school or Bible class, and while I would regularly attend church on Sunday mornings and very frequently in the evenings, very often I would be found out boating with one or two chums, or promenading the streets, or else with my chums would go and see the boys playing lacrosse or baseball or some other games, or when the day wouldn't be fine enough for this I would pass away the time by sleeping all the afternoon. Now Dear Cry, you see none of those recreations were very sinful in themselves, but they were sinful in their own way, and I generally used to feel condemned about them.

Well it so continued for quite a while, when God's Spirit began to work within me again, so that again I started to attend Bible class, and from that was regular in my place, both in church and Bible class, doing my best to do what was right. I was honest in my endeavours to please God, and in a way succeeded (that is as far as my friends or the would could see), but, (and here is a place in everybody's experience, which I think is the same), when I would be alone with God, at my bedside at night, that still small voice within, would make itself heard so plainly that often and often I would have to exclaim as the Preacher of the Bible, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." There was a something in my heart that wasn't satisfied, and no matter what I would do to satisfy it, that exclamation would burst forth, Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. And so I continued fighting or trying to fight it out myself, for I hadn't the courage to ask my pastor about it, and no one ever seemed to think of asking me how was I getting on in my soul, and of course not exactly knowing the way, I never got satisfaction.

About 17 months ago the Salvation Army came along in the form of four lassas, who came to convert the French of our city and understanding French a bit, I went several times to hear them, and from the first I was struck with their calmness through all the noise and tumult of those first few weeks, and after a while an English corps opened fire also, which I attended pretty regular. Although a professing Christian, when I would hear the officers ask if there wasn't one in the hall to stand up and say a word for Jesus, I felt I couldn't do so, and oh how often did I long for this boldness and assurance, to be able to stand up before the people and tell them that God had saved me, but no, longing for it didn't bring it to me.

Well continuing to attend the meetings, I would see one after another getting saved and standing up and testifying of the peace and happiness which they enjoyed, which only served to make me long more and more for this happiness. At last I said to a chum that I was going to prove for myself if this happiness was real, and after being extra strongly convicted on Friday and Saturday nights to go to the penitent-form, and having resisted the Spirit each time, I felt as if God had given me one more chance and that was knee-drill Sunday morning, and I assure you I prayed God to spare me until then, which He did, praise His name. I came to knee-drill where about fifteen had assembled, and after hearing the proof plainly spoken and the invitation given to those who were anxious about their souls, I did not need any coaxing, but immediately went forward and knelt at the much despised Army penitent-form, when after a short time I found that the reason I hadn't this boldness and happiness was because I was not saved, although as I said I was in the world's eyes a real good Christian. And after another hard struggle for feeling I found I had nothing to do with feeling, but if I was to be saved it was by faith, and not by feeling, so although I didn't feel any change, still I just took God at His word, and I simply believed what He said, and His Word says "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," so I believed that I was saved, because I had confessed my sins. I didn't get any feeling for almost a week after, but still I held on to God's promise, and glory to His name He was as good as His word, for the feeling came and with it that peace and happiness which I so often longed for, and although my way since then hasn't been one of "all roses," yet God who saved me didn't leave me when the rough places apeared, no, no, but just like Him He led me gently over them. And to-day finds me a soldier in the ranks of the S. A., where I haven't lost that happiness which I found at one of the Army's penitent-forms. Of course by this I mean that when I had made up my mind at all costs to get this happiness, and knowing well what I would have to give up, still when God saw that I was in earnest, He came and met with me at the penitent-form, and there He gave me this happiness. And now I not only know I am living to please Him, but best of all I feel it too, and my only desire is to do God's will and follow just where He leads. I am sure He has led me into being a Salvation Army Soldier, for I am happy in spite of all discouragement, and God helping me I am going to stick to the Army, and do what little I can to pull down the devil's kingdom and to build up the Kingdom of God.

Now dear WAR CRY, there may be some of your readers, who content themselves with the idea that because they don't do any of these s ns which their neighbors do, and because they attend divine worship regular, that they are all right, but that is just where I was, and I found I was all wrong, but thank God that if there was mercy for me, so is there mercy for them, if they will only come to the bleeding feet of Jesus and repent of their sins and confess them to God, and then take Him at His word, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

JOE E——.

"NOT TO-NIGHT!"

"Oh, what a hard meeting this! Every one seems to be saying, 'Not to-night!'" I heard a dear comrade exclaim last Sunday. Oh, I thought, how often do we go home with bleeding hearts, and feeling as though our very souls were crushed within us, because of the oft-repeated "Not to-night!" And yet it is not too often our own fault? May not the gentle rebuke, "Ye have not, because ye ask not," be frequently applied to us in this part of our work? We know that we shall speak to people about their precious souls, and, knowing this, do we make it a matter of pleading, wrestling prayer every hour, yea, every moment of the day; or do we content ourselves with a few moments on our knees before leaving home, or perhaps when we get to the Barracks?

And then, again, are we not sometimes too easily discouraged? We begin the prayer meeting, and go out to deal with the people, and our faith runs high. But some of those we speak to laugh at us; others will not answer; and many more sadden our hearts with their "Not to-night!" till at last we give up, feeling it is no use to keep on any longer, and go back to our homes thoroughly disheartened.

Oh, for mighty faith! more patient perseverance! Many a strong man and woman when first spoken to have turned aside, saying they would think about it some other time, yet have with gentle, loving perseverance, been brought trembling and weeping to the feet of Jesus before the close of the meeting.

God grant that every day may find each one of us more prayerful, persevering, and, therefore, more successful fishers of men. Comrades, it may be so; the promise is ours. God help us! Amen.—SERGEANT.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 The Army Drum.

W. RUSSELL, PRESCOTT.

Tune—"Follow the drum."

WHAT means that noise, what means that shout,
Salvation Army, there they come,
The lads and lasses all turn out,
And swell the crowd to follow the drum.

CHORUS.

None are too wicked, none too good,
Jesus stands calling, will you come,
To join the Army of the Lord.
Your sin forsake and follow the drum.

The drunkard stopped his ribald jest,
Stood conscience stricken, smitten dumb,
Then bar-room, whiskey, cards and song
He left them all to follow the drum.

He followed to the Army hall,
He heard the Saviour whisper Come,
He knelt, he prayed, Salvation gained,
And blessed the Lord he had followed the drum.

The poor lost girl the Gospel heard,
The vilest wretch on earth may come,
Down at her Saviour's feet she fell,
Forsook her sin and followed the drum.

The young, the old, the wretched, poor,
And worn and weary, still they come;
Attracted by its noisy beat,
They stop, they think, they follow the drum.

Recruits are wanted, will you join,
The bounty given, how great the sum,
Eternal life! a golden crown!
Then join at once and follow the drum.

2 I'm Nicely Saved.

CADET BRADSHAW, ST. ANDREWS.

Tune—"I'm glad I'm in the Army."

SATAN had me sunk in sin,
But I'm nicely saved;
And I was in such misery,
But I'm nicely saved.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory Hallelujah,
I am nicely saved.

I've turned my back on evil,
And I'm nicely saved;
No more I'll serve the devil,
For I'm nicely saved.

I'm glad I'm in the Army,
And I'm nicely saved;
The devil cannot harm me,
For I'm nicely saved.

I'm fighting for King Jesus,
For I'm nicely saved;
Seeking to save the sinners,
For I'm nicely saved.

Oh sinner, "Come to Jesus,"
And get nicely saved;
And get the blessed witness
That you're nicely saved.

3 Gather Them In.

CAPT. J. JONES.

Tune—"Tell it again."

INTO the highways and byways we'll go
Telling of Jesus who will sin overthrow;
Our hearts are so full we can't help but sing,
The praises of Jesus our Saviour and King.

CHORUS.

Jesus will save, Jesus will save—
Save to the uttermost, Lord, I believe;
All kinds of sinners to Him now may come,
Look He is beckoning somebody home,

Look at the drunkard he goes down the streets—
Fallen in sin, but the Army he meets;
He looks and he wonders, they take him along,
To the barracks where he is convinced of his wrong.

He lists to the singing though steeped in the drink,
The Spirit takes hold he commences to think;
I've been such a sinner, can Jesus save me?
He confesses his sins and the Lord sets him free.

4 The Saviour's Love.

CADET TOM LEAVITT.

Tune—"When the trumpet sounds I'm ready for to go."

I HEARD of a loving Saviour,
Who came to set me free—
And lived a life of pain and grief,
And suffered on a tree;
They say the Jews reviled Him;
Yet full of love was He
And when they crucified Him,
He said we might go free.

CHORUS.

Oh the loving Saviour suffered on the tree,
On the tree, on the tree, (Repeat.)
'Twas there He opened up the cleansing Fountain.

Oh, the sky was veiled in darkness,
When the Lord was crucified—
And streams of blood and water
Flowed from His riven side;
"Forgive them, oh, forgive them
They know not what they do,"
The Saviour said in pity,
And, oh, it was for you.

Oh, sinner come to Jesus,
He's waiting now for thee;
And if you'll only let Him
From sin He'll set you free;
He'll pardon your transgressions,
And make you white as snow,
And fill your heart with joy and peace—
For I have proved it so.

5 Let the Stranger in.

BANDSMAN JOE E., QUEBEC.

Tune—"Room for Jesus, King of Glory."

SINNER, there stands a Stranger knocking,
Knocking at your heart's closed door,
And He there has long been standing,
Did you not hear Him knock before?

CHORUS.

Then open at once and let Him enter,
Let Him in, oh don't delay;
For oh, this Stranger is the Saviour,
Oh receive Him while you may.

Oh yes this Stranger is the Saviour,
Who bled and suffered on the tree,
He's come to offer you full pardon,
From sin and hell to set you free.

Now sinner don't reject Him longer,
His offered mercies spurn no more,
But open your heart and let Him enter,
And keep Him there for evermore.

Yes, keep Him in your heart forever,
And then you'll always happy be,
The devil may try you to discourage,
But trust the Saviour He'll set you free.

Then don't be satisfied with singing,
"I'm glad I've let the Saviour in,"
But tell to others the wondrous story,
How He cleansed your heart from all its sin.

6 Working and Fighting.

H. T.

Tune—"I have loved and lived with Jesus."

I WILL work and fight for Jesus,
As I journey on down here,
On Him I will cast each burden,
And take to Him every care,
Now from His throne above,
He looks in tender love,
And bids my fears remove.

CHORUS.

I have lived and loved, etc.

I am ever trusting Jesus,
For power in this fight,
And I am sure of victory,
While trusting in His might.
His power it is so great,
He will the foe defeat,
And Satan's forces beat.

I always go to Jesus,
When tempted or distressed,
A place of surest refuge,
I find upon His breast,
I rest in Him alone,
My burdens are all gone,
And Christ, He is my own.

Dear sinner look to Jesus,
He'll bid your troubles cease,
Your many sins He will forgive,
And tell you go in peace.
He'll cleanse you from all sin,
And make you pure and clean,
Then come and dwell within.

7 The Sure Refuge.

PTE. ELDRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

Tune—"Clinging to the Cross."

WHEN Jordan's deep and heavy floods
Their billows o'er me throw,
And Satan's mighty host declares
My soul no peace shall know;

CHORUS.

Then I'm clinging to the Cross, etc.

When billows deep and breakers wild
Around me fiercely roll;
Each promise written in the Word
Is manna to my soul.
While I'm clinging, etc.

Oh, sinner, would you have a heart
From every care set free?
Then take the Saviour at His word,
And He will comfort Thee.
While your clinging, etc.

8 Save or I Perish.

EDWARD SMITH, RENFREW.

Tune—"Jesus, lover of my soul."

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Hear me while Thy praise I sing;
Thee fore'er I will extol,
Thou didst full salvation bring.
Thou didst suffer on the tree,
Thou didst die that I might rise;
Lord of boundless majesty,
Thou'rt my perfect sacrifice.

When I stood on hell's dark brink,
And looked back what I had done,
When I cried: Save or I sink,
Saviour, leave me not alone.
Thou in Thy infinite love,
Help me, I am in distress,
Give Thy peace me from above,
And redeem me with Thy grace.

Humbly at Thy feet I bow,
Tender Healer draw me nigh;
Oh, forgive me, save me now,
Look upon me from on high.
Here I give myself to Thee,
Fully without doubts and fears,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Heal my spirit, dry my tears.

Blessed Saviour, faithful friend,
Reign Thou in my heart alone;
I will love Thee to the end,
I will ever be Thine own.
Hail my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Lord of Glory, Prince of Peace;
What I have to Thee I bring,
Thou hast saved me by Thy grace.

Full salvation now I've got,
All my sins are washed away;
I am cleansed through Jesus' blood,
I am clad in white array.
Now my song on earth shall be,
Till I reach the blissful shore,
Jesus suffered death for me,
And He rose to die no more.

9 Committed Unto Him.

LIEUT. T. HARTT.

Tune—"In the Gloaming."

JESUS I have all forsaken that was once so dear to me,
And to follow in Thy footsteps now my only joy shall be;
You have saved, and washed and cleansed me, made me pure in Thy own Blood,
And I'm trusting Thee to keep me every moment pure and good.
Now a vessel to Thy honor, once a worth-less lump of clay,
In Thy hands I'm gladly lying to be m[ould]ed from day to day;
I have got the blest assurance of the H[oly] Ghost within,
And my life's a perfect Eden once so d[ark] and stained with sin.

This my only life's ambition is to b[ring] poor souls to Thee,
Leading slaves of sin and Satan into lig[ht] and liberty;
I've Thy promises to lean on, in the wa[r]fare I've begun,
And You'll never, never leave me till th[e] victory is won.

Then when this great fight is ended I sh[all] lay my weapons down,
From Thy pierced hands, my Jesus, I'll re[-]ceive a starry crown;
I shall praise Thee through the ages of [a] vast eternity,
This my theme shall be in Glory, "Jes[us] gives the victory."

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Cadet McMahon, of Yorkville T.H., to be Captain at Fergus.

Cadet Fannie Brokenshire, of Brantford, to be Lieutenant at Ottawa.

Cadet Crossett, of Cornwall, to be Lieutenant at Carleton Place.

Cadet M. Smith, of Carleton Place, to be Lieutenant at Morrisburg.

T. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
TORONTO, ONT.

IN THE WILDERNESS — A VOICE CRYING
WAR CRY
SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH, 1888.

SLAPPED BY A MUD-THROWER. We see it noticed in several Canadian papers that *London Truth*, edited by the notorious Labouchere M.P., has been passing some criticisms upon a band of "Evangelist Brothers," organized by Canon Lester, of Lichfield, for working amongst the miners and iron-workers of the Staffordshire "black country." After some remarks upon their monastic garb, etc., and ventilating its own lucid ideas as to the manner in which the Gospel should be preached, *Truth* goes on to say that "a little novelty goes a long way in religious matters, and anything is better than *concertinas and tambourines*." It is quite plain against whom the latter remark is directed, but as everything that is respectable and admirable, to good people, has for a long time been subjected to abuse at Mr. Labouchere's hands, we are rather gratified than otherwise by his adverse remarks. But we can inform this pet of the propagandists of anarchy and irreligion, that tambourines and concertinas in the hands of simple followers of God and righteousness are daily making a mark for good upon the face of society, that scandalmongering journalism, even when directed by the debauched intelligence of self-seekers and political fire-brands, is unable either to emulate or destroy.

"WAR CRY" POLITICS! We have recently received, from the Secretary of "Canada's New Party," a copy of an address issued by its Executive to the people of the Dominion, and also of the address of the President at the Inaugural Meeting recently held in Toronto, with the request that we should publish the same, or part of them, in our columns. We should have been glad to have complied with this fairly reasonable request, had it not been

variance with our inviolate rule to [esc]hew party politics and political dis[cus]sion altogether. We believe the "third [par]ty" is founded in the idea of the better [fur]thering the interests of temperance and [mor]ality by our legislature, and we heartily [wis]h success to this and every other effort [to ad]vance the highest good of our country [by] any possible means. As to the necessity [of a] third party we have not a word to say, [alt]hough we are somewhat of the opinion [tha]t the two parties already in existence [are] well calculated to create all the division, [bad] blood, and selfish emulation that could [be] desired by any nation or people; but of [this], those better acquainted with the [ways] of politicians than ourselves, of [cou]rse, are the better judges. The WAR [CRY] has but one platform, that of Salvation [fro]m sin and its attendant evils, and the [onl]y two parties it recognizes are the [love]rs of God and self-sacrifice, and the [self]-pleasing lovers of ease and the world. [It] has only one panacea for the evils of [soci]ety, and that is the Precious Blood of [the] Lord Jesus Christ, which is alone [su]fficient to overcome intemperance, im[mo]rality, and every other evil thing. It [ha]s no opinion of the purging measures of [leg]islative assemblies, and deems it im[pos]sible to make men either temperate, [mor]al or good by acts of parliament, but [it] has all faith in the constraining love of [Go]d to accomplish this, and a good deal [mo]re. It does not presume to dictate to [its] readers in matters of secular politics, [an]d it believes that the franchise, like [eve]ry other prerogative of the citizen, is a [tru]st from God, to be used as unto God [ac]cording to the light that He has given, [an]d not as unto men for the benefit they [ma]y give in return. The law of our land [of] liberty directs that the ballots of the [pe]ople shall be cast in freedom and secrecy, [an]d any prelate or priest, minister, elder, [or] teacher, general, captain, or religious [jou]rnalist who seeks to influence their [hea]rers or readers in such matters prosti[tu]tes his office and brings a scandal upon [th]e religion of Jesus Christ. The citizen [wh]o loves God perforce loves his nation [lik]ewise, and seeks and follows God's [gu]idance in all his acts as a member of the [bo]dy politic; and those who fear God, [wi]thout doubt, must honour their rulers [an]d love the brotherhood too. We are [gl]ad to know that the Salvationists of the [D]ominion, as well as those scattered the [wi]de world over, need no direction from [th]eir leaders in matters such as this, and [so] long as they are trained to do justly, to [lo]ve mercy, and to walk humbly with their [G]od, they need no man to guide them into [th]e way wherein, politically speaking, they [sh]ould go. When our platforms, like [so]me pulpits, have become political stumps, [an]d when our leaders and literature shall [ha]ve descended to party politics and to [pe]rsonal canvass and coercion, then shall [we] have fallen from our high estate, and [H]e whom we serve and for Whose election [we] toil will turn from us and remove our [ca]ndlestick out of its place, and so we [sh]all deteriorate into a sect and into [se]ctarian habits. Until then, the "World [for] God" is our party cry, and the salva[ti]on of the bodies and souls of our fellow [co]untrymen our least and only aim.

OUR INFLUENCE.

CAPT. BLANCHE GOODALL.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord [fro]m henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they [ma]y rest from their labors, and their works do [foll]ow them."

As we all exercise an influence for good [or] evil it is of the greatest importance that [ou]r lives should be such, that, through all [ete]rnity, our good works should follow us. [Lo]ok at that man of business. Why is it [tha]t his name carries such a power with [it], that people everywhere say if such a [ma]n made an assertion certainly it is cor[rec]t, for his name is above reproach? [Be]cause in all his dealings he is straight[for]ward and upright, anything that is [dou]btful he carefully avoids. He has never [bee]n known to defraud a poor man, or in [an]y way to act dishonorably. Men of business respect him, trust him, depend on him, because he has cast his influence on

The side of Honesty and Truth.

I heard a man setting forth his temperance principles in the train the other day, he was surrounded by a number of others, some of them indeed making objection to his ideas. But I could not help admiring the spirit of the man, who was not ashamed to show his colors and use his influence on the right side.

In every walk in life people are being led by those around them; from earliest childhood who does not remember some one whom they looked up to and respected, perhaps it was a noble brother who, by his manliness and goodness, won their admiration, and they felt they would follow him to death if need be. Or it may have been a sister that was your guiding star in youth, who by her loving gentleness, kept your feet often times from straying far from the path of rectitude and right. Or your father's kindly advice when followed by you, how it has kept you out of many an evil course. Who can estimate a mother's influence, her prayers and love will follow long after the home has been forsaken for new scenes, when other ties are formed and you are surrounded by other associations. Even if those prayers and entreaties have apparently been unheeded, their influence will follow all through life to the very verge of Jordan, and that mother's words of council may come to you as you are about to cross the River, and her hand that soothed your aching, weary brow in sickness will be among the first to clasp yours in that land of rest and peace.

How many a young man has been dragged down to ruin by the influence the enticing words of ungodly companions. Oh the misery, woe, wretched homes and broken hearts there are in the world today on account of the bad influences of dissolute and evil companionships. Listen to the tramp of the countless multitude that is treading the way that ends in a drunkard's grave, a drunkard's hell; hear their groans of despair and anguish, ask them the cause of all their sorrow; the answer will come back, the bad influences of evil associates.

While the enemies of the Cross are not afraid to show their colors, what are we doing my comrades for the extension of God's Kingdom. Are we using all our powers, our time and talents to stem the tide of sin and iniquity around us. I often think of the grand and glorious possibilities that lie before us as Salvationists. The world is going to hell for want of people who are fearless, not afraid to stand up for the right anywhere, in the workshops, stores, on the streets, at home, wherever their lot may be cast. To show by their lives, their actions, their conversation, that they are on the side of truth and holiness.

We are apt to place too little value on the seeming trifling actions of life. When the sacred writer says, "Their works do follow them," he does not mean great works only, but the little things, the "cups of cold water." The value of the simple testimony that was given in such weakness, and of the humble prayer that was offered for the dying souls in the prayer meeting, although you felt you could not pray as good or put your words together as correctly as some one else, you may perhaps never know till you stand at the bar of God. But rest assured that the influence of the smallest action done for Jesus' sake will be felt, perhaps, long after it may be forgotten by you. It may only have been a bundle of WAR CRYS that you took to sell on the streets and in hotels, you were spoken to unkindly and told to "go to work," and you felt like throwing the papers away, but you got the victory and the kind word and "God bless you" that was said went home, the WAR CRY was read and souls saved. The brother or sister that was so discouraged will bless you through eternity for the cheery "Never mind, go on!" that you gave them. It was a terrible cross to testify for the Lord in the open-air, but the poor drunkard followed the march to the barracks and got blessedly saved and will shine as a star in your crown in Glory.

Therefore, dear comrades when considering the influence of a godly consistent life, let us so live as we shall have wished we had lived when the world is on fire, that it may be said of us, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." When tempted to be weary in well doing remember that in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not; that every man's work shall be tried as by fire of what soil it is.

CARE FOR SOULS

CAPT. J. MOTTERSHEAD.

"No man careth for my soul."

To care for souls implies a deep heart-felt conviction of the value of the soul. Says the Saviour, "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" That you may see the value of the soul, look at its power—it can rise up and roam through the universe, it finds out many inventions, ransacks all the treasuries and magazines of nature. The soul endowed with understanding, reason, wit and imagination accomplishes wonderful things; we can form no limits beyond which it shall not pass. Look at its redemption price, the Precious Blood of Jesus. Heaven has done all it can to save the soul. Hell is doing all it can to damn it. Look at the deathlessness of its nature—it never dies! The soul is a simple essence distinct from matter, and consequently out of the reach of all external violence, bidding alike defiance to the lightning, which can cleave the oak in twain, and the earthquake, which can heave the mountain from its base. Its thirst for knowledge cannot be satisfied, its desires and wishes are boundless, it is formed for an everlasting progress in time and in eternity. This world is but the preface of the book of its experience, in the world to come its chief existence lays. The world, the flesh and the devil are doing all they can to drag souls down to the flames of hell. Down they drop on the right and on the left, crying—"No man careth for my soul!"

You feel for them, do you say? Then let it be practical sympathy—act like Jesus, Paul, Peter, John, Luther, Wesley, and others, who were willing to stand on the edge of the infernal gulf and pluck brands from the flame. Prove your love for souls by removing all the stumbling-blocks out of the way of sinners. Get your hearts mellowed down by the love of God, speak kindly, live holy, leave no stone unturned, for God has chosen us and ordained us for this work. Soul-saving is our profession; we are supported by God, and fully expected by heaven, earth and hell to care for souls. Would it not be cruel for the pilot to sleep and be careless of the lives of the passengers? Would it not be cruel for the physician to be careless with regard to the progress of his patients? the watchman to be careless with regard to the property of the citizens? or the life-boat men to laugh at the men on the sinking wreck? But, oh! how much more cruel, yea, ten thousand times would cruelty be magnified, not to care for souls?

We have been cared for. Father, Son and Spirit, angels and good men have looked after us, yet many are now lost who might have been saved if men had done their all. Oh, comrades, let us clear our garments by being faithful in our dealings with souls; remember we cannot keep the favor of God and be careless of souls. There are millions of heathens, thousands of drunkards, backsliders, and sinners of every class, who are rushing down to hell, where there is no light but the flashes of the undying flame, no Cross, no mercy, no pity, no hope—where the worm dies not and the fire is not quenched.

Comrades, for your own sake, for Jesus' sake and your neighbors, stand bravely to the front, tell the whole truth, warn them feelingly and faithfully, so it may not be said of us, "he careth not for my soul!"

In What Do You Glory?

PRESBYTERIAN.

"The glory of young men is their strength.—Proverbs. 20-29."

Almost every member of the human family has something or other in which they take a particular pride. The young man who has been endowed with great muscles, and has taken great pains to develop and train them, is said to glory in his physical strength. Some have certainly attained to a great notoriety on this account.

The young man who has a great gift of intellect goes to school and to college and gets his thinking powers trained and developed to a great extent, and very often rises to eminence—it may be in the legal world or in the medical world or in politics or in journalism, or in any of the very many other callings and professions in which great thinking powers are necessary in order to ascend the ladder of fame, he may be said to glory in his strength of intellect.

But there is still another kind of strength which many glory in, who may not perhaps have much strength either of body or of mind. We refer to spiritual strength, which can only be acquired by coming as a poor penitent sinner to the foot of the Cross and being made a new creature in Christ Jesus and daily looking by faith to Him for strength.

Many who have had great physical strength given them have been overpowered by drink and have early filled a drunkard's grave and are now in a drunkard's hell. Many men, strong in body, have become slaves to the devil through lack of spiritual strength. Again, many men possessed of great power of intellect have been led captive by Satan at his will, simply for lack of spiritual strength. Many sisters, also, who might have been an honor and a credit to their friends, have, through glorying in dress or some other thing and through lack of spiritual strength, missed the great end for which they were created, viz: the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and have sunk in the lowest depths of sin.

Dear reader, in what kind of strength do you glory? Is it in your strength of body? Remember that unless you have spiritual strength you are not safe, but are liable to be led captive by the devil at his will. Or do you glory in your intellectual powers? Paul had great power of intellect, which had been trained and developed to such an extent that Festus said to him: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." Yet, this same Paul says: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." Many men possessed of great power of intellect have shown great moral weakness.

I do praise the Lord that he did show me how really weak I was in my own strength, and that by faith I did take hold of my Saviour and that His strength has been made perfect in my weakness, and I have learned that as the strength of muscle or mind can only be developed and increased by exercising it, so our spiritual strength and faith can only be increased by exercise. We who have children know that we must give them light work to do at first until they grow and get strong, and as their strength gradually increases and as they show themselves capable and painstaking, we increase the task and the responsibility. So, in like manner, our Heavenly Father gradually increases the work He gives His children to do as He sees their strength and love grow. This is amply illustrated in the parable of the talents, when our Lord says to those who used their talents well and increased them: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over few things I will make thee ruler over many things."

If a man says 'I am afraid that I am not saved,' again say 'I am afraid so too.' Let the Holy Ghost tell him when he is saved with too many it is 'easy come, easy go.'

BIG TIMES DOWN EAST.

MAJOR MARGETTS.

It is quite a time since you heard from me last dear WAR CRY, and a great many things have happened during the spell.

It has always been a joy to my heart to write you, and a still greater joy to tell of the victories God is helping His own people to win day by day down East. Of course we do not find our victories one just handed down to us and we merely pick them up, we have to fight for them from the word "go," "He is faithful that hath promised," and so what can we have but victory since that our determination is

"When the fight's hard I'll never give in."

Our dear comrades, Adjutant and Mrs. Cooper have returned to our midst, and after we had some great welcome meetings at Moncton and St. John, it was arranged for us to go to ST. STEPHEN where we found Capt. Connell and his aides were making preparation for the wonderful wedding which was to take place that night. The large rink had been engaged for the occasion, in which a great crowd assembled to witness the interesting ceremony. Friends, old and new, came from St. George, St. Andrews, Calais, Milltown, and all around, as did also our officers and a number of soldiers. Falling in line we marched to "The Bridge" to meet our Calais comrades, led on by Capt. White, and what with cornet, big and little drums, cymbals, the hallelujah organ, etc., things were pretty lively for a while on the street. We went in for salvation in the open-air, and also at the inside meeting which went off with a swing to our ever favorite song

"He's the lily of the valley," etc.

After prayer the Adjutant leads us off into a running fire of testimonies for a while, this was followed by a few words from the officers, and two or three solos, then the S. A. articles of marriage were read and our good Rev. Brother from the Methodist church tied the knot, and had a word of testimony. The bride and bridegroom of course spoke.

A blessed influence pervaded the meeting throughout, and God put His seal upon it by bringing one sister to give herself up fully to Him.

I have since spent a Sunday with our CARLETON comrades, and found Capt. Wright and his Newfoundland hero pegging away for all they were worth. It was raining fast a great deal of the time, and consequently crowds were somewhat thin. Our own souls were however well watered.

On Wednesday we took the train and boat for PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. Capt. Webb and his cadet and several old friends were all ready waiting for us at Summerside pier. The boat being late, we did not get our appointment at NEW GLASGOW until after 9 p. m., nevertheless a good crowd was waiting for us and we had a nice little meeting.

A large crowd gathered in the Market Hall at CHARLOTTETOWN the following night to witness another Hallelujah wedding. I could scarcely describe this if I tried, but I enquired of quite a number of people who were there and they unanimously replied that they got blessed and helped spiritually, as well as being interested. The Lord through the instrumentality of the officers and soldiers is doing a great work in the Metroplis of the Island, and oh! how glad and thankful we all were (bride and bridegroom included) to see two sisters come out and cry for mercy at the close. An officers' council occupied us during the next day; many rich blessings falling upon us, and more than ever firing us with zeal and power for the fight. Holiness was the theme at night in the barracks. The Spirit of the living God was with us and gave us the victory in blessing our own souls, and four volunteering to the front,

"Before the Cross their all to cast,
And dare to leave it there."

Next day we board the cars again to spend the week's end at SUMMERSIDE. The bride and bridegroom coming to our help on a later train.

Sergeant-Major Dobie who takes such a lively interest in the corps meets us before meeting and posts us with information concerning the winter's battle. It only needed to see the goodly number of soldiers on the march to know they have had some glorious times; and they are believing for even better.

From early knee-drill to the close of the night's meeting on Sunday, we felt the Holy Ghost to be working in our midst, and although we only saw one come forward to the mercy seat during the day, we feel sure a good work was done in many hearts, the fruits of which will yet be seen.

One thing I praise God for, I never saw the S. A. work more prosperous on the Island, and pray that it may keep on growing all the time at the rate it has since my last visit.

Facts From the Far West.

D. O. YOUNG.

Three or four o'clock in the morning is not perhaps an hour at which one would prefer arriving in any town, but beggars must not be choosers, so I suppose until we are able to have our own railways and run our own trains, we must leave the management of these things in the hands of the C. P. R.

However, at this early hour on Saturday morning, I arrived at MOOSE JAW. One man, a stranger, (he said), after surveying me with a critical eye, in answer to my enquiry, where are the Officers' Quarters volunteered an "I don't know," and although I was glad to meet someone as wise as myself; on this occasion, I should have been glad to find someone a little wiser. Under the circumstance, I concluded I would bombard the town by sections, and just as I was starting off, I was arrested by someone shouting "D.O o-o-o-o," (I think it was from an upstairs window). It was the Captain who was endeavouring to call my attention, and in a few minutes, I was comfortably seated before some fresh fish and raspberry jam in the Officers' quarters. Quite an early breakfast, oh! but thoroughly appreciated I assure you.

We had a very profitable meeting at night, at which I presented colors to the officers. One elderly brother was saved at the Little Soldiers' meeting we held on Sunday morning, and we felt the presence of God with us all day at all the meetings, which were well attended, and I believe made a blessing to many.

On my return to Headquarters, I was glad to hear that the officers from the East would arrive on Sunday morning, and of course as soon as the announcement was made, our Winnipeg officers and soldiers were determined to make their visit a blessing to the city.

The train which was due at 9:30, was late and did not arrive until 2:30, but this enabled us to have a good swinging march to the Depôt.

The parade was headed by "Bruno" (known and loved by all) in red pants and swallow-tailed coat, and had the desired effect in drawing a large crowd to the hall. Every soldier wore a tri-colored sash and "regulation" straw hat, (although fur coats and hats were in use in the morning) but the sun came out, and shedding its rays abroad, warmed our bodies, while the Sun of Righteousness which had arisen within, was warming our souls.

A large crowd awaited the arrival of the Contingent, which was announced by volleys of "Amen," etc. from the platform, and other somewhat uncertain sounds from below, and after a good lively song and knee-drill, we opened fire on the crowd with short and definite testimonies, solos from the new arrivals, and songs from the WAR CRY being interspersed. Although our comrades must have been fatigued after their tedious journey, they soon forgot their aching limbs, and went in to make the most of the opportunity that was given them of warning the crowd to prepare to meet God.

One always feels in the presence of a large crowd, as we had that afternoon, the great responsibility of warning the ungodly, and how important it is to let not one leave until they are made to see their lost condition, and the Saviour who can save them.

The aim of each officer and soldier I believe in that meeting was to bring some one to Jesus; and as each one spoke, the Spirit of God took hold, and one sister rushed forward and gave up all for God—tore the feathers out of her hat, and vowed she would from that moment serve God with all her heart.

At night we went to the meeting full of faith for souls, and were not disappointed. The hall was packed, and hundreds were unable to gain admission, and such an opportunity was given to each lover of souls as is rarely offered. The power of God came on us all, and we felt sure we should have the victory. Each officer spoke right from their hearts, and although the hall was uncomfortably packed, the immense concourse of people listened with wrapt attention, such as I have rarely witnessed in so large an audience. We made our first meeting somewhat short, knowing that if we had only disabled our adversary in the first round we would knock him out in the second, so we went to our knees. Faith and prayer won, and three or four sinners were at the penitent-form crying for mercy. Not standing up and asking for prayers, but praying for themselves. How they got there only those who brought them (and those who were looking through their fingers for them), knew, for every properly saved and believing soldier had his or her eyes shut, and was pleading with God. Of course we rejoiced—couldn't help it; and altho' we did not all get as loose as our comrades in the East, as recorded by the Minstrel. I wish we did, for I have been in Newfoundland, and know how it goes. We, nevertheless, rejoiced with joy unspeakable, gave God all the glory as well as ourselves, and went home feeling better in body and soul than when we started for 6 a.m. knee-drill; at least I did.

Monday night our two comrades, Lieut. Gnaedinger and Cadet Friedrich, farewelled for the German work, and a sister gave herself afresh to God. A special offering was taken up for the lads' fares, and almost everyone was glad to give something to help.

After visiting Portage-la-Prairie, where we hope soon to open fire, I went to Neepawa to make the final arrangements for the completion and opening of the new Barracks, which is indeed a very nice building, and will open the eyes of our critics. God has wonderfully blessed the people of that town and prospered them in their souls, and I find that nearly everyone has given something to help build. One comrade got such a big blessing in a Holiness meeting that he felt it was worth at least $20 more for the barracks, which amount he gave to us. I believe it shall be the birth-place of many such men as one of the comrades there, who said he used to get a few plugs of black tobacco and a bottle of whiskey and think he was loaded for a bear. Now, said he, "I am loaded for a lion," meaning the devil, who walks about as a lion, seeking whom he may devour. And although you may not quite understand what it is that will cause a man to say, as did a comrade the other day in an open-air ring, that "Jesus is the best chum (friend) he ever had," you will understand when you get saved.

We shall open the Barracks next Saturday, Sunday and Monday. I am believing for many souls! Are you?

CHATHAM CHEER.

The Red Skins on the Warpath.

ADJT. J. READ.

"Logan, can you come round with me on a trip," said I to the Indian doctor a few days since. "Oh, yes, anything or anywhere for Jesus," was the trite answer of the dusky Moraviantown Indian.

Continuing he said, "I'll go round the village and hunt up the others, and by next Wednesday we'll be all ready for to go."

Wednesday came, and true to promise, in walked Logan, the Saved Snake, and the "Female Indian Singing Salvationist," with valises and all the necessary equipments for a run round the division.

Travelling north the first station we start at is WALLACEBURG, the town of mills and ships. Quite a crowd of young men stood on the sidewalk and at the street corners and the Indians caused much attraction and interest. As is the general case every time I have been in the "Burgh" some kind of devilment as usual was going on in the town hall, and things looked pretty bad for a crowd in the barracks, but God sent along a splendid company and thus the devil was robbed of numbers of his listeners. "That's far ahead of any opera," said an unsaved lad to me after the meeting; and it was indeed a time of power and blessing. God took hold of the crowd of people as Logan, the Saved Snake, and Mrs. Dolson talked and sang. It was a most definite and decided success in every way, and the results of the meeting will be felt in eternity.

DRESDEN is the next town. Capt. Fiedler and Cadet Waddell have just arrived to lead on the forces here, and from the signs of the times things are surely going to boom in Dresden. The audience was not very big but our Indian comrades did real well. The open-air meeting was especially a time of power. Quite a big crowd of people gathered round and the claims of God Almighty were pushed home upon them. Dr. Logan said: "Friends, once I used to sell medicine and "do a dance" to advertise my patent drugs on this very corner; but now, thank God, I can tell you of a Physician and of a medicine that will cure you of every sin and disease. It is nothing less than the precious blood of Jesus. At this a tremendous volley rent the air.

"Hello, Logan!" said a tradesman of Dresden, "you've quit your old dancing games then?" "Yes," said Logan, and repeated the verse,

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Praise the Lord from day to day;
Things have changed completely round
Since I got saved in the great S. A."

Bro. Snake, another Indian, took hold of the people inside with his wonderful singing and testimony, and Mrs. Dolson, a saved Indian woman, sang with wonderful power, and the sinners were brought up face to face with the fact that God is able to save even the Indians. "They shall come from the east and from the west and sit down in the kingdom of God, but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out." It is a solid and stern truth. May God help and have mercy on those white people who rejected Jesus that night.

There is a silver lining to the cloud in Dresden, and already there is a "sound of abundance of rain."

A few hours among the books and letters at Chatham and off we go to BLENHEIM. I was more than pleased with the "Blenheim Baby Brass Band," and the four bandsmen did well. The "Indian Rebellion" inside was all that could be desired. Logan got loose, the saved Snake got fire, Mrs. Dolson sang, and for one hour and a half things went with a Salvation boom. Hallelujah! Capt. M. Cass has got well hold, and she is confident of many more mighty victories in the old "chopping and feeding mills." Everybody seemed pleased to hear and see the secretary's son, Lieut. D. Gardiner, who was on a test.

Saturday afternoon I [illegible]

ESSEX CENTRE, and on the Sunday led essed and profitable knee-drill. But Holiness meeting was a decided victory srael's side, the claims of God and His religion were pushed home upon the s of the unconverted.

bit of dinner and off we go in rigs to and WOODSLEE. "You'll never do in odslee," was the cry from those who little faith, "they'll run you out of the e," said another. This, of course, was very cheerful news, but we went deter- to get the victory, and victory we had. Driving into the south end of the village, saw in the far distance a crowd of sol- s coming, headed by Capt. Irving and wife, with the Blood-and-fire Comber shackers. Of course, such a crowd sed much curiosity and excitement, the villagers ran from their houses to the Army of the King.

he building we had hired was far too ll, so that we had a monster open-air. ds gathered around and God helped of Methodists, Salvationists and others itch in, in real Army style. The little er room was completely packed at t, and the crowd was taken hold of by Holy Ghost, in such a manner that y could not leave. Woodslee needs less he shadow and more of the substance. S.A. means to give them something d, by God's help. Woodslee sinners, rise from the dead and God shall give light."

Westward, ho! for AMHERSTBURG, for Indian Rebellion. A trip down the roit River, and we land at the old ndian town. The boys mustered in e on the dock, and a titter went round Logan and Snake and the rest walked the vessel. Many an open-air crowd e I seen, but never such an one as that Amherstburg. A drunken woman lked into the middle of the ring and g away to her hearts content, drunk was but not too far gone for the Salva- n of Jesus. God bless and save her, e are the kind of people we are after. The Rebellion inside was something el for Amherstburg. Oh, the crush and ad, the singing and talking of these r Indians did wonders. Many white ple were led to see their need of a real ation, and what they heard will not n be forgotten. As Doctor Logan and others walked about the streets the t day they caused plenty of attraction. d no doubt as an outcome of that meet- ls will be saved. May God grant it. pt. and Mrs. Josh Jones have got well d of this Corps, and united with the liers something surely must give way.

Welcome Words from Woodstock.

D. O. BAUGH.

I have often heard it said that no news good news, and certainly no news is tter than bad news, but not better than d news, and I am glad to be able to port good news. While most of our diers are busy with their land and gar- s still God is with us, and souls are ng saved, Hallelujah. Our crowds are all on week nights just now, but God is th the few. One of our lass officers ote me to say that one night last week y only had two people in, and the town nd playing just outside of the barracks, t they got one of the two saved before y closed. So that, after all, was a good e for that poor soul.

I was at one corps a few nights ago and ticed a man on the platform looking very aight at me, and after the meeting he me and shook hands and asked me if I membered him, and I was glad to find at it was a man who, when I was last ere, came to the penitent-form drunk, ing he was not fit to be there and nted to go away till better, but at last accepted Christ, and now says that the rk clouds that gathered around his home hen he was a drunkard, are breaking and e light of heaven is shining both on m and his home. May the dear Lord ep him faithful. At another place ey have just captured a man who has ne a long life in sin, but he seems to be operly saved, and though he had been a oker for fifty years he has given it p and promises to make a real blood-and-fire soldier. God bless him. We enrolled the Rockwood Corps a week ago, and although it is only a few weeks of age, twenty-three were enrolled and others wished before the service was over that they had been enrolled. We have had the second enrollments at Tilsonburg, Norwich, Woodstock, Paris, Berlin, Acton, Guelph, and they are ready for second enrollment at several other places, and there is no doubt but that the enrollment has been a great blessing to many personally and to the corps all round. Many dead branches have been taken off, and although at one place the corps seemed to suffer, yet I am fully persuaded that the showers of heaven will come on the fruitful branches left, and the winds of heaven blow new life into the old corps if they remain faithful. Who will be hot weather, day-light soldiers and fight when they don't feel like it? Stick to it comrades. Victory is on heaven's side sure.

BRIGADE WARFARE
— IN THE —
Yarmouth District.

ADJUTANT M'INTYRE.

The latest news of this District is the trip of a local Singing Brigade which has proved a very good success. Bro. McKay of Annapolis kindly loaned his light wagon to us, and borrowed a double set of harness for us, and Miss Foster of Waterville, (who by the way has been a great helper and worker since her convertion) let us have one of her horses, and little Jerry completed the team which was to drive the Brigade (seven in number including the Adjutant) around the District.

April 27th was the appointed time for starting, and BEAR RIVER comes first on the list. The blood-red uniform of the three lassies and the strains of music from the three brass instruments of the lads, cornet, trombone and bass, seemed to bring half the town right together, we had the old church filled and a very good meeting. The barracks question here is very hot, and the people are coming right to the front in helping.

Sixteen miles over the hills and we pull up at ANNAPOLIS for Saturday and Sunday, where we spent a very happy and successful time. Early Monday we are on the move for LAWRENCETOWN, a distance of about twenty-one miles, where we find a nice comfortable little home has been furnished, which shows at once that the people here appreciate the S. A. The street was crowded, the Bridgetown soldiers gave us quite a lift in the meeting, and the whole affair went swinging.

Twenty-nine miles the next day through the cold rain brought us to WATERVILLE, the crowd here was small on account of the bad night.

CANNING is eighteen miles further on where we find Cadet Snyde all alone but happy, this is the first anniversary of the corps, a great work has been accomplished here through the S. A., one brother was not in a meeting house for twenty-five years before he came to the S. A. Even in a small place the soldiers and converts and friends were glad to see Capt. Heal back again.

KENTVILLE comes next, nine miles again, crowds in the open-air, and the hall (hired for the occasion) was full, everybody seemed glad to be in the old barracks again, and no wonder after being in the open-air for two months. The influence of the meeting was satisfactory, in fact we always have good meetings in Kentville, though it is called a hard shop.

Twelve miles to BERWICK, the hall crowded with a very intelligent lot of people, we not being established here, the Adjutant spoke on the "Rise and progress of the S. A.," which won many friends.

We next pull up at MIDDLETON, about nineteen miles further up the valley, this is a thriving little country village, and the S. A. would do well here. It being Saturday night a much larger crowd than would have been otherwise turned out, although an admission of ten cents was charged, yet the hall was crowded. The Adjutant again spoke on the S. A. We also sold the Army publications, the meeting was good, and the people satisfied that the S. A. was all right after all.

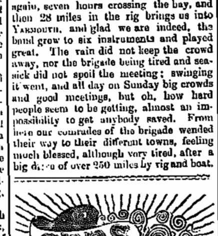
We drove on to LAWRENCETOWN after the meeting where we spent Sunday, had one soul at knee-drill, good meetings all day.

BRIDGETOWN on Monday, crowds stood around the open-air. We were glad to see so many new faces, and some who evidently were hard ticks and some upper tens. One of the new converts here is a man of 96 years of age who never was in a place of worship in his life till he came to the S. A., and he is now saved and a soldier.

Thirty-four miles next day and we are back to DIGBY, where Lieut. Davis, Bro. Farnham and Cossiboom of the Brigade belong. Another full house and good meeting, but no one would be saved. Twenty miles nearer Yarmouth brings us to WEYMOUTH, one of the most business-like places in this end of the province, but needs the S. A. to complete it. We hold forth in the Sissoboo Hall, ten cents admission does not hinder the crowd; they come to hear of the S. A. and see for themselves and were satisfied. A very friendly feeling was shown us at the hotel and by all we came in contact with.

Twenty miles through the French settlement and we come to Meteghan, where Capt. Turner and Cadet and Bro. Frost are ready to boat us across the St. Marys Bay, a distance of ten miles to Long Island, the wind is ahead and nothing but to take to the oars will do; with hard work we got to the passage before the flood tide sea-sickness is the general feeling, crowded house again; fifteen soldiers were enrolled for a beginning for the FREEPORT Corps. The Capt. was away getting a wife, and we trust they will be able to put the 10,000 to flight here.

Although Friday night was wet and dark, the old church in WESTPORT was full; through all the opposition encountered with here a few souls have been saved. Next morning the Capt. and Cadet were stirring about getting ready for our departure, and then were almost too late to get out of the passage with the ebb tide. No wind at all this morning and the oars again, seven hours crossing the bay, and then 28 miles in the rig brings us into YARMOUTH, and glad we are indeed, the band grew to six instruments and played great. The rain did not keep the crowd away, nor the brigade being tired and sea-sick did not spoil the meeting; swinging it went, and all day on Sunday big crowds and good meetings, but oh, how hard people seem to be getting, almost an impossibility to get anybody saved. From here our comrades of the brigade wended their way to their different towns, feeling much blessed, although very tired, after a big drive of over 250 miles by rig and boat.



From Here and There.

We are glad to know that the latest news of Mrs. Booth's health confirms the favorable anticipation of The General at the May meeting. There is a substantial ground for hoping that the malady itself is checked. Let us cast ourselves on God and pray without ceasing for her recovery.

* * *

Odense (Denmark) is blazing away. The captain, Neilson, is evidently one of the right sort. A newspaper reports him as being "not the slightest disturbed by all the row," and winds up with, "he evidently is accustomed to the game." There, you are quite wrong, sir! He's comparatively a novice, but for a Salvationist to be able to fight the enemy on any tack, is just as natural as it is for a Dane to speak Danish.

* * *

Another barracks captured in Copenhagen—a dancing hall of the lowest description, which has nightly been the scene of indescribable devilry. I guess Mr. Psalmist David, and any amount of old warriors of the singing and dancing school, will be delighted to hear of the "new management."

One hundred and forty-three souls in twenty-six days at Copenhagen I. is a trifle old news, but extremely good. God speed you, Denmark, and put your Major fairly on his legs again! Thousands of comrades in the old country will say "Amen" to this, I'm sure.

* * *

What do you think of this for a sample Dutch meeting?—Twelve souls, one a great drunkard, another a German dancing-saloon keeper, a third a Jewess teacher, besides other good cases. The next morning the German and Jewess volunteered for the field. We want reinforcements for Germany and Jerusalem, so hail these comrades heartily.

* * *

The native corps in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has just had a magnificent "half-night." Their comrades of the white corps heartily joined them. That's good!

* * *

Our Bombay meetings are attended by Europeans, Parsees, Hindoos, Afghans, Arabs, and any amount of other nationalities. On a recent Sunday night seventeen representatives of those different nations were hauled to the penitent-form.

* * *

We have now a tremendous work in South India. Excitement is great. "War Crys" going up with a bang. The capture of high caste converts is a frequent occurrence.

* * *

In one village a convert has sold all his property and cattle, given it for the support of officers and to build a barracks, whilst he himself enters the field as an officer. Isn't the capture of such people worth a bit of sacrifice?

* * *

In Dodanduwa there have been seventeen cases in a fortnight, "most of them the wildest characters in the place."

* * *

The Swedish Indian party have gone to open the City of Broach, in the Gujarat country.

* * *

Gujarat averages forty converts weekly. Four-fifths heathen.

* * *

Major Eshwar Das would have liked to have sent a Gujarati representative to Commissioner Tucker's wedding, especially as the Major says, "Nursee Gopal took so well, and we are now able to send Nursee Gopals by hundreds." We wish he had been able to; Wouldn't they have made matters lively all round?

* * *

A German officer writes: "I think "Heilsruf" ("War Cry") selling very essential for testing salvation, and teaches better than a good many other things." I think this is equally applicable to "War Cry" selling in this country. Try it, somebody!

* * *

The writer continues as follows: "To lead a meeting and preach may be a flattering affair for a good many, but 'Heilsruf' selling means cross." Bravo, comrade; you are on the right, sure line for victory. These inspired words should be cut out and read, at least, once a week by every officer and soldier.

* * *

A building has been captured at Rotterdam. Look out for opening.

* * *

At Christiania, in a small hall holding five hundred people, thirteen hundred have been registered as professing conversion. A heap of these have been sworn in as soldiers, forty-two sergeants have been commissioned, and the city, sub-divided into districts, is being thoroughly looked after by these salvation scavengers.

* * *

The towns and villages of Norway are echoing the cry of every country under the sun, saying, "Come! come! come!"

* * *

We have already in that country secured ground for the erection of a large headquarters, trade depôt, training home, Sunday and week-night halls, etc. Estimates are being prepared, and the scheme will cost some $80,000.

Major Hodder is on the war-path. A proper building has been secured for No. II. barracks in Kronnigen. Zaandam is about to be bombarded and the capital of Friesland will be under the Army flag in a week or two.

* * *

I heard Staff-Capt. Tom Holland, an old Liverpool lad, is just about to "double" himself. His old comrades will, with me, join in wishing this true son of war, every blessing.

* * *

Sweden is about to publish a Salvation monthly, "All the world" on a small scale. God speed this new agent.

* * *

The "Little Soldier" is, without doubt, the most interesting and useful children's paper, published anywhere this side of heaven. Do your children get it? They ought to!

* * *

What's good for the youngsters is equally good for the upgrowns. The "Little Soldier" will bear reading by even ever such clever big people.

Divisional Report

Toronto Division.

BRAMPTON. — Capt. Lindsay. We have God with us here. He is giving us victory. We are having some jolly, happy times, soldiers shouting and praising God. We have more than saved testimonies here sometimes. We captured a drunken man in the open-air and brought him to the barracks. When the meeting was going on the dear man wanted to speak, so he took off his coat, mounted the platform and began. He said, "I've been in drunken dens, gambling dens, and—" Oh, dear, so many dens, etc. He seemed very miserable. As we looked at him we couldn't help thinking what we have been saved from. Two souls this week and new barracks nearly finished.

RICHMOND HILL.—Capt. Shaw. We have, indeed, proved that prayer and faith does bring the victory. We have had good meetings all week, although Lieut. had to carry the big drum herself one night, yet it does not make any difference if we are few in number the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are with us. Yesterday we had a beautiful time with the Lord all day, and after pleading with Him for souls He brought one prodigal back to the Fold and saved her soul. Glory to His name! We do not forget to thank Him for the ones and twos. Glory to God and the Lamb forever!

STOUFFVILLE.—Capt. Pepper. Again we can report "Victory through the blood of Jesus." Truly, His arm is not shortened that He cannot save. He has been with us in mighty power during the past week, meetings powerful, sinners convicted, but none came out. Our outpost, Glasgow, is marching onward too. There are big things in view here. Bless the Lord for victory all round this week and believing for more.

TORONTO I.—(Richmond Street). Capt. Gage. We are glad to be able to say we are having the victory, and not us alone, but many sinners are getting salvation and perfect deliverance from sin. God is with us in power and the devil is not far away, but many of his followers are deserting his ranks and coming over on the Lord's side. Since taking charge here no less than twenty precious souls have been brought out of nature's darkness into the light of God, and many more feel their lost state without Christ. We are never tired of the battle because we know that if God be for us He is more than all the world against us. We are in for some lively times with the devil around Old Number One, and by the grace of God we shall conquer. A smash at the devil and a good hold on God and we shall win through the blood of the Lamb.

TORONTO III.—(Fort Liegar). Capt. M. Knight. We hardly know how to commence to tell of the good times we had in the Master's service last week. As the result of our week four precious souls came to Jesus, two of whom came from the tavern to listen to our open-air, followed us to the barracks and came to the Saviour. Hallelujah! While visiting we found one young man at the point of death who wanted some one to pray with him as he was not ready to meet God. We pointed him to Jesus, who taketh away the sins of the world. Bro. Gooderham was with us yesterday afternoon. Conviction rested upon the people but none yielded.

TORONTO IV. — (Yorkville). Capt. Dawson. After some months of good fighting at Barrie we received marching orders for another part of the Lord's vineyard, which we find is Yorkville, where we feel sure that God is going to get to Himself a glorious victory. Bless His name. He has been with us and one backslider came home and one precious soul has stepped out into the liberty of God's children. We give Him all the glory and go on.

TORONTO VI. — (Temple). Capt. Pople. We can report a week of victory, both in crowds and souls, the meetings have been full of power and liberty, open-airs have been grand, the brigades doing good work for God, upsetting the kingdom of the devil and bringing sinners to realize their sinful state. Monday night a young man found salvation; Wednesday night three backsliders returned with their load of sin and backslidings to God, who took them in; Thursday one more, after a most blessed meeting. The holiness meetings have been times of power and glory; God has met us in a mighty manner, revealing himself unto us as He does not unto the world. Four were out on Friday night and four on Sunday morning. Open-airs on Sunday were grand, morning and afternoon; soldiers worked away for God and right, and we finished up the day with a great salvation meeting, Bro. Gooderham being with us. God took hold of the people and as the truths of God's word were made known and His claims sent home by His spirit, eight precious souls decided for God, and accepted His salvation. We wound up the day rejoicing and praising God for the victories we had won.

TORONTO VIII. — (Arthur Street). Capt. Macnamara. During the past week God has been wonderfully blessing us in our souls. We had a good day on the 24th; a holiness meeting in the morning, then off to the united soldiers' council in the afternoon at the Temple. At night we had the Chief-of-Staff, some of our comrades from Headquarters, and the saved poacher, with us; the march and open-airs were very lively, as some got the glory in their feet and had to dance; this highly amused the children who marched in crowds beside us. A good meeting inside. The saved poacher sang and gave his experience, also others, and although we saw no one saved yet we believe a work was done. After the meeting we went out for another march and open-air, and as we told of a Saviour's love to the crowds around us, conviction was written on many faces. Yesterday we held an afternoon meeting in the park. Bro. Gooderham and his little singers were with us and a blessed time was spent. At night we had another open-air then back to the barracks. God spoke to the hearts of the people, and at the close one brother, who had strayed far away from the Saviour, came to the Cross and found peace. Hallelujah!

Hamilton Division.

DELHI.—Capt. A. Taylor. Praise God the devil defeated, lost one more of his good followers. Though the fighting seems somewhat peculiar yet the Lord is working on the hearts of the people. Good meetings, good crowds, deep conviction, and our faith runs high for a big victory yet to be won in Delhi. Everybody pray.

PORT DOVER.—Capt. S. Wiggins. This morning our hearts rejoice to feel and know that we belong to God. On receiving orders to come here Lieut. and myself got down on our knees and promised God that we would be true and do our best in this place. We can say that God has been helping us, and we have seen four wanderers return to their Father's house. On we go, praying and believing for victory here.

WELLAND.—Capt. S. Matthews. We have been lifting up Jesus for another week and dealing plainly with the sinner, but feel grieved to report that no one has sought Salvation. The sinners and town's people generally are beginning to find out we mean business, and that we have a single-eyed object in our nightly marches and meetings, that is the lifting of a pure standard; and thank God we see it is bringing them to think seriously of the matter of eternity. With some more Holy Ghost in the Corps we shall move the place. We are looking to Jesus for victory and expect it only through Him. Comrades pray for us.

London and Stratford Division.

EXETER.—Capt. J. Savage. Onward, no surrender, is our war cry, and of course the devil knows it and therefore he is trying to upset us, but this far we have been brought off more than conquerors. Although in open-air work all the time we get our souls blessed. Large crowds on the streets listen to the Gospel from God's weak ones, but we believe that some of the seed is falling in good ground and will soon spring up and bring forth to the honor and glory of God. May God lead us on to victory, is our prayer.

GLENCOE.—Capt. Boyler. Victory is ours. We are glad to report good meetings this week, glory to God. Although only a very few come to the barracks yet the dear Lord was there and did fill our souls abondantly. The people gather to hear us tell of Jesus and His love on the street but will not follow us to the hall; but, glory to God, we are gaining the victory. Last Sunday night there were forty strayed into the meeting and we had a blessed time, the power of God was felt in our midst; you could have heard a pin drop in the meeting, the people were so interested while listening to the story of the Cross. We are believing for a big break. Pray for Glencoe.

GODERICH.—Capt. Wellwood. Praise God we are marching to win in our corps, not without some battling though. Good meetings all week. On Thursday we had an umbrella march, which led the devil to remark on the street, "There now, did I not always tell you they were crazy, and does not this prove it." The sisters came well to the front in the march, there being only one brother that had grace enough to carry an umbrella. There was great division amongst the soldiers about it, as some are too proud to do anything like that. We settled the dispute by asking the Lord to set His seal to it by giving us a soul, and He did. At the close of the meeting one poor lassie, sunk low in sin, was found weeping at the Saviour's feet, praise God. Yesterday, Sunday, was a beautiful day, we got the right start at knee-drill; God done a work in the Holiness meeting, four out for the blessing; a swinging free-and-easy on the platform, though not much liberty among the Christians; however they made up for it at night, and for an hour we had straight, solid salvation dealing with the poor precious souls that sit in darkness. We went into the prayer meeting full of faith for souls, and, praise God, were not disappointed, at the close two backsliders returned to the Fold. Our prayer is that they may be kept faithful.

ST. MARYS.—Capt. J. Squires. Since coming here we have felt the spirit of God in every meeting. As yet only one has yielded, but we still hold on to God, knowing we shall reap if we faint not. We do not mean to faint but go on, [...] our best and leave the results with God. The victory day is coming.

SARNIA.—Capt. Syer. Our meetings have been good but our crowds not [...] large inside, blessed open-airs the Spirit has been at work. Sunday was grand; [...] the morning Holiness meeting, a number were aroused that they had been sleeping and after some open confessions [...] were seen at the penitent-form, two [...] backsliders; the march was larger [...] afternoon and night, they being willing [...] carry out what they promised God.

STRATFORD.—Capt. G. Miller. [...] are glad to be able to report the past week as one of victory. Two have left the devil and came to Jesus and got converted. We are praying and believing for more to follow.

Barrie Division.

ALLISTON.—Capt. J. Armstrong. My pen fails me this morning as I attempt to describe the blessed, wonderful times we are having here. As we look at the glowing faces of the young converts and see what God has wrought, our hearts swell with gratitude, we feel more like going [...] for God and souls than ever before. The past week we have been able to rejoice over four souls being won for the blessed Master, two of them walking eight miles to get Salvation. Many more, while getting a look at the bleeding Lamb, have been touched, and we have seen the penitent tear steal down their cheeks. We believe soon to see them fall at the feet of Jesus and find rest to their poor weary souls.

AURORA.—Capt. Noble. This morning we can look over the past week as one of victory. On Sunday a blessed time all day; Holiness meeting in the morning was a heart-searching time, six soldiers saw they were not where God would have them be, and so came right out and let Him put them there; also one brother who had in the past been disobeying God, came and gave himself fully to the dear Lord and said he would be what He wanted him to be. During the week one backslider returned. We are determined to do all we can to pull down the devil's kingdom in this town and build up Christ's instead. Living with a single eye to God's glory we know we shall be successful.

BRADFORD. CAPT. BOYD. Since our last report we have had some blessed times with the Lord, the fighting is hard and the devil would like to discourage us, but we say "Never give in!" Faith will bring the victory. We are believing for better times in the near future.

COLDWATER.—Capt. Copp. During the past week we have had some good meetings. Although sinners have been brought face to face with the realities of eternity and wept over their sin, they still say "Not just now, some other time I will come." May God arouse them to the fact that now is His accepted time.

COLLINGWOOD.—Capt. O. Robinson. Collingwood is going up, the devil is in a rage and the powers of darkness are being shaken. During the week's conflict the enemy lost nine of his followers. The Lord is leading us on to victory. One dear fellow, a Roman Catholic, who never had the privilege of reading his Bible until he saw the S. A., cried aloud to God for liberty, and bless His dear name, He set him free. Blood-and-fire is sure to win for Jesus is strong to deliver and mighty to save. To God be all the glory. Amen.

CREEMORE.—Capt. Coate. We have had some good meetings since coming here. God is working amongst the people, the crowds are increasing and the boys are getting better. Keep believing some of them will yet be soldiers. Sunday night was the best yet. God was very near, one sister and a brother desired our prayers to help them, but they would not come

and give up. We have a lot of good [...] here, we have found out while [...]. God bless them. We are fighting for God and victory is sure.

GRAVENHURST.—Capt. W. Wilkinson. Here we are away up in Muskoka [...] we find the devil here is something [...] the rocks, good and hard, but thank [...] there are some grand soldiers in this [...] who will do any thing for God. [...] coming God has indeed been with [...] a little over a week we have seen four [...] souls coming out to God to get [...] burdens rolled away, and thank God [...] in vain, for Jesus met them at the [...] and set them free. Our Holiness [...] are times of power; on Friday [...] there were four out for sanctification. [...] are in for victory, lots of hard work [...] bring it. It is better on before. God [...] all the glory.

MIDLAND.—Capt. B. Oke. Monday [...] we held our meeting on the wharf, [...] people flocked around to hear the story [...] redeeming love, amongst them were a [...] number of sailors from different nations, [...] listened very attentively as we told [...] we were sailing in the good old Ship [...] for Canaan's peaceful shore. Thursday night the Christian people sat upon [...] platform, a happy Presbyterian led [...] meeting, and we believe much good [...] be the result of it. Sunday [...] meetings were indeed blessed ones; it [...] would be impossible to describe the hallowed influence we felt in the afternoon, the Christians rose, one after the other, [...] of the wondrous love of Jesus. [...] of the unsaved wept as they realized [...] were rejecting so loving a Saviour, [...] yet were unwilling to yield. At night [...] had a brother from Toronto with us. [...] people were impressed with the necessity of being born again, many were convinced that except they be born again they [...] not see the Kingdom of God. At the [...] one soul came to the Saviour and [...] put right. Hallelujah.

NEWMARKET.—Capt. Rees. We [...] report victory this morning in our own [...]. Glory to God. We have been [...] now over a week and have been doing [...] utmost for God's kingdom. Meetings [...] been thinly attended, and all through, [...] prospects have not been very bright. [...] ever our God is not a God of circumstance, and so leaning on His promises our [...] were united with us in faith for victory. [...] Father never disappoints His children and abundantly blessed us, answered [...] prayer in behalf of others, and yesterday, [...] day, our hearts were made glad at [...] four wanderers and one dear sister, [...] had never before known the joys of salvation, kneeling at the common mercy [...], praise God. Thus our Father has answered prayer in behalf of seven this [...], and we are praying and believing [...] many more.

OWEN SOUND.—Capt. N. McDonald. [...] have had a profitable time this week, [...] devil has been defeated, two prisoners [...] been taken, a deserter recaptured, [...] what pleases us more than we can [...] is this, the soldiers are getting down [...] the fine point and seeking for holiness [...] heart. Ten were kneeling at the Cross [...] yesterday morning crying to God for Full [...] salvation, also a sister who had backslidden in heart, although nobody knew of it, [...] Lord spoke and she obeyed. Yesterday [...] a good day; at night we had a song [...] the band boys, a quartette from some [...] the other comrades, and a chorus from [...] children, "The Light my brother." [...] their sweet young voices rang out through [...] building and made one think of the [...] many older ones in the hall who should [...] come to the Light, as the little ones stood [...] sang those words of encouragement.

PARRY SOUND.—Capt. F. Orchard. [...] Parry Sounders are not dead yet, we [...] still marching on to conquer the foe [...] the strength of our King. Hallelujah. [...] and meetings all day yesterday (Sunday). As we marched out in the afternoon [...] strong, the dear Lord was with us, and [...] had a real S. A. free-and-easy inside; [...] meetings at night, many of the dear [...] people here are convicted, almost persuaded to come to Jesus. Our prayer for them is that they may soon yield and get converted. We do thank the Lord for soldiers who are willing to fight and work for the salvation of souls. Go on dear comrades, never grow weary in well-doing, our God will have the people by-and-bye. Since coming here, a little over ten months ago, the dear Lord has been with us and saved many precious souls, and while others have been saved we have been blessed.

STROUD. CAPT. W. J. TURNER. Arrived here last Thursday and have since had some blessed times, glory be to God forever. Blessed meetings Sunday but no souls. We feel confident by living at the Master's feet a wonderful work will be done in this place for God.

Palmerston Division.

BLYTH. — Capt. Mallory. We are happy and saved this morning. To God be all the praise; He gives us victory over self, sin, and the devil, helps us to fight faithfully and tell the glad news to all around. Although the people in Blyth don't remember us very often in sending us something to eat, God touched the hearts of some who sent us a good supply of provisions. May God bless and save the people in Blyth. Amen.

CHESLEY.—Capt. G. Williams. This morning we are able to report victory through the blood of the Lamb. The battle has been hotly contended this week but victory is on the Lord's side. As we look over the battlefield we find one killed and many more wounded, who, we believe, will soon come the great Physician to be healed. More to follow.

DURHAM.—Capt. Fordham. Arrived here May 11th determined to do all we can for God, and through Him we know we shall do valiantly. Since coming our hearts have been made glad by seeing one soul come to our Jesus. Our prayer is that many more may come. Although the fighting here is tough our motto is still, "No surrender!" but on to victory.

PORT ELGIN.—Capt. A. Miller. The Lord has been very near to us. Bless His name! We had a blessed day to our souls yesterday; the flood gates of heaven were opened and the bread of Life was given to us in abundance. At night, the crowning time, as two weary wanderers wept their way to Father's feet and confessed their backslidings. Oh, how we did rejoice. We are confident a thorough work was done. We give to God all the glory.

TEESWATER.—Capt. J. Brokenshire. After having a few weeks rest we are at it again—fighting for the King of kings, Who never lost a battle. Hallelujah! Arrived here on May 14, just in time to go with Cadet to our outpost about three miles away. We had a good meeting and some were almost persuaded to give God their hearts, but the Not-to-night devil was there, and, of course, he got them persuaded not to yield. We believe they will come yet. Glory to God! We are having good meetings though the crowds are small. God has promised to be with the twos and threes and we have proved His promise true. Hallelujah! On Saturday a young man came to our quarters; we talked to him about his soul. Just as soon as he was willing to get down and cry to God for salvation God came near, and he said he felt that he was saved. "May God save many more," is our prayer.

WALKERTON.—Capt. Ratten. Praise the dear Lord this morning finds us trying to do our best to bring others to the Saviour, and we are not doing it in vain. We announced a Sing-song for Wednesday evening and it was the best we ever were in; as we sang and spoke of the love of God one man was so wretched of sin that he came to Jesus and afterwards said he was satisfied his sins were forgiven. Sunday, all day, we had good meetings but no one would yield; still we mean to fight on and do our duty. Pray for Walkerton.

WROXETER.—Capt. F. Yerex. Although salvation belongs to the Lord we are glad that He is willing to impart it to all who anxiously seek for it. We have felt that the blessing of the Lord has been resting upon us. We believe the time is soon coming when many shall be led to seek and find salvation. "May it be so," is our prayer. We mean to go right on.

Woodstock Division.

BERLIN.—Capt. Gosselinger. After bidding farewell to my comrades on the Pacific coast I took the train, and after three days travel found myself again amongst my old comrades in Brandon, where we went in for a devil-defeating time, and, glory to God, we did have one too. However, the morrow finds me on my way to Winnipeg, where I joined in for two days with some more of my old comrades in the fight, and, praise God, we did not fight in vain, for God saved souls and the devil was again defeated. Hallelujah! My journey, however, was not to end here, but after three more days travelling found me among the blood-washed warriors of the Berlin corps. Yesterday we had good meetings all day; the Not-to-night devil was present, but convicted as some of them are, we believe ere long to see them tumble into the Fountain. May God help them to decide ere the doors of mercy are closed upon them forever.

DRUMBO.—Capt. Hay. We feel happy this morning because God has rewarded our labors by saving one soul this past week. We believe through faith in God that continued victory is before us, for we fight in the strength of our King. Soldiers turn out well, although they have so far to come, and we are sure God blesses them for doing so. During our visiting the past week we have found many warm friends here, who love the S. A. and our meetings. Richwood, our outpost, is a flourishing little place for the S. A.; the work of God is loved much by nearly every one there, and we are having good meetings and our faith runs high to see many souls won for the Master.

FERGUS.—Capt. M. McKeen. Yesterday we were reinforced by the Guelph band and six of the soldiers, and talk about Salvationists not enjoying themselves, if the Lord met with you as He did with us at our little meeting at the quarters before we went to the drill shed at night, I guess you would enjoy yourself. We laughed and prayed and sang and shouted, and Bro. Brown got the glory, and we all felt as one brother said, "If heaven was like that we were in for heaven." Then we went to the hall, and if the devil could have kept that saved hotelkeeper and his chum, Bro. Scott, and the devil's page boy from speaking, the people might have been persuaded that the rest saved themselves by great moral courage; but everybody was convicted that the Lord was able to save from the uttermost to the uttermost.

INGERSOLL.—Capt. Cousins. Still fighting the good fight and rejoice to see the arm of God made bare in this fort, bringing honor and praise to Him who is our joy, peace, and strength, and the sinners' hope. Grand times of late; saints rejoicing in the Lord God of their salvation, Who is a satisfying portion to our souls; sinners coming to our God, Who has spoken, saying, "Go in peace and sin no more." Three sin-sick souls have been healed. Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

ST. GEORGE. — Capt. E. Trott. Praise the Lord we can say, "The Lord is our Shepherd we shall not want." We can also report victory through the blood of Jesus. We had good meetings during the past week, very deep conviction but no souls. On Sunday afternoon fifteen Christians testified to the saving power of Jesus, and we are believing for greater victories in the future. We find that the devil is mighty, but we have proved that God is Almighty. May He bless and save the poor sinners in St. George.

Chatham Division.

AMHERSTBURG. — Capt. J. Jones. People take an interest in the Army here and we are having good crowds to our meetings. We have been fighting hard all the week but the people have rejected Jesus again. We believe a work is going on all the time. Soldiers getting filled with the spirit of God. One brother came out for cleansing at the holiness meeting to have a spiteful spirit taken away and God gave him the victory; such was his testimony. Our God shall have the victory.

HIGHGATE.—Lieut. Hilts. Thank God for victory in our own souls. We find in coming to this place that the people seem to be asleep in their sins; at any rate they are very careless and indifferent. We are praying that God will help us to rouse them to a sense of their danger and then they will turn to God. Although we feel very weak we have God's promise that He will use the weak things to confound the mighty. We believe holy living and straight dealing, backed home by the Holy Ghost, will win the dear people of Highgate for God.

KINGSVILLE.—Capt. Payne. Hallelujah! Jesus has been our Helper and has brought us through the past week triumphantly over the devil in every way. We heard of a sick girl and went to visit her about her soul, found out she was a backslider. The Lord helped us to deal with her and point her to the "the Lamb of God Who taketh away the sins of the world." Although at our first visit we could not do much with her, she was in such a state of agony and suffering, no doubt a great deal of it from the consequences of sin; but God, Who heareth those that are His, heard and answered prayer, lessened her suffering and saved her soul, and now she is speedily recovering. Another dear lady got anxious about her soul, came to Soldiers' meeting, got down in tears before the Lord and cried to Him for mercy, proving that He was mighty to save. Sunday was a glorious day with God; He helped us to deliver the plain truth to all present. Not many out to holiness meeting, but the few that met with God learned better how to use the sword of the Spirit to greater advantage for the Kingdom's sake. We are looking forward to better times, confident that by holy living and perfect obedience to the Saviour we shall have victory. One more soul on Sunday saved and on the platform at night. Glory to God!

RIDGETOWN.—Capt. A. Slote. We are having big times here; the soldiers are improving. We had a WAR CRY meeting on Saturday night. Some of the soldiers made nice paper caps at home and fetched them to the barracks. The sisters went and held an open-air alone; had a beautiful time. The lads wore the white helmets, drawing a big crowd around, it seemed to be a cross to wear such things on the street, but they did it for just what it had accomplished, and that was to get a good crowd to talk to about Jesus. A big crowd followed to the barracks, one volunteered for heaven.

British Columbia Div.

VICTORIA. CAPT. M'DONALD. We are still sticking at our post and will never give in. God has given us the victory over the enemy, and we can rejoice in seeing one soul saved. We are believing for many more.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Capt. Coffin. Truly God has been moving upon us here this last week, and while some have laughed Him to scorn and said, "No, not tonight," others have wept and cried for mercy. Glory to God! One poor old man who lived for sixty-eight years in sin, was with the number that came to God and sought for forgiveness, and the blessed Master did not turn him away, but the moment he was willing to give up sin the burden of his heart rolled away. Others came to the life-giving Stream and found rest to their troubled souls, praise God. "Victory" is the song we sing through the the Blood of the Lamb that was slain.

Eastern Division.

St. John District.

ST. ANDREWS.—Capt. Crocker. The past two weeks have been times of blessings to both Christians and Soldiers, and sinners have been brought face to face with their sins. Our cottage meetings (three every week) are being better attended than before. "Holiness," is our theme, and "Purity of heart through the blood of Jesus; cleansed from all sin," our standard, Some have found the Pearl of Great Price Our hearts have been cheered all along as we see the marvellous way in which God has been manifesting His almighty power, One sister says she had no idea religion was so good, else she would have had it long ago, "I may be ignorant in many ways, but I know my name is written in the Book of Life, because I have the witness in my soul." Our saved sailor says, "Salvation is grand on sea or land, as a sanctified soul enjoys the continual presence of God everywhere." One dear sister got saved last night while the meeting was going on, as God spoke out the plan of Salvation so plain she confessed and accepted it, and God received her through the blood of Jesus. Meetings grand.

ST. JOHN I.—Capt. F. Irvine. Just a line this morning to let you know that we are reaping away and God is with us. The past two weeks things have been somewhat dull, nearly everbody is house-cleaning or moving, consequently our crowds have been smaller, but one by one the wanderers are coming to Jesus and finding in Him all they need. Others have been compelled to acknowledge that, "there must be something in it," and we are praying and believing that ere long they too will taste and see that the Lord is good.

SUSSEX. — Lieut. Bissell. We're a band that shall conquer the foe, for we fight in the strength of our King. Hallelujah! This past week has been one of victory in our souls, we cannot see any real visable results, yet we know while we lean entirely on the strong arm of Jesus victory is ours. We are believing for some greater times in Sussex.

WOODWARD'S COVE. Lieut. Nicholson. The Lord is helping us to fight His battles, bless His dear name, and we are getting victory in many ways. We had Capt. Freer with us from North Head on Thursday night, to bid farewell to the comrades of this corps; and many felt their need of a kind and loving Saviour, while Capt. intreated them to come to the sin-cleansing Fountain and get healed from the disease of sin, but none would turn in with the Saviour's offered mercies. We feel sure that eternity will reveal the good done in our meetings, and we are believing for a smash in the devil's ranks soon.

Moncton District.

DORCHESTER.—Lieut. E. M. Baker. Bless God for victory over the devil and sin. We are making an advance on the enemy's ranks and have the victory to a a certain extent. The meetings are getting better, good crowds, deep conviction and best of all one soul. Praise God for the ones and twos who are coming to Christ. We have learned to give thanks for the small things, believing for more to follow.

PETITCODIAC. Capt. A. Prest. Hallelujah, we are still fighting away at Satan's kingdom, determined to have the victory. We believe we shall win for we fight in the strength of our King. Our kind friends have given us a nice little S.A. home, and now we have started begging for a bouquet and they are helping us nicely. "God bless and save them," is our prayer. Closed this week with one soul. Prayer and faith shall bring the victory.

SACKVILLE. — Capt. Raynor. This morning we are glad to report victory through the blood of Jesus. "A week spent in the service of the Master is better than forty years in sin," so testified one of our brothers whose happy face shines with Salvation light. The devil complains that even the little children talk of Jesus in the street; we mean to resound His blessed name till all shall know and love Him. One brother after many months of conviction came to the Cleansing Stream and is to the front telling of the change God has wrought for him. We close the week with three volunteers and one poor backslider for King Jesus. On to victory! Our God shall have Sackville.

Prince Edward Island District.

CHARLOTTETOWN. — Capt. A. McLean. "When the fight's hard we'll never give in," is the determination of the Charlottetown soldiers, praise God for such a spirit. All week we were sowing the seed unsparingly without seeing any immediately result, but Sunday night an old grey-headed man took his load of sin to the great Burden-bearer and received into his heart the love of God. This past week eight more have been enrolled beneath the Army flag to fight for God, against the devil and sin. May they be real terrors to the devil, amen. Onward and upward we go, never to yield till Jesus reigns supreme.

GEORGETOWN. — Capt. H. Woolley. Thank God we can report the capture of two more souls in this place. During the past week we feel that God has indeed been with us. Our prospects are brighter than ever for victory.

SUMMERSIDE. — Capt. E. Webb. Thank the dear Lord we are nicely saved to-day. Since our last report the devil has been hard at work and so have we, both inside and out. The results of our labours are three for pardon, one backslider returned to Father's house and two or three seek the blessing of a clean heart.

Halifax District.

CHESTER.—Lieut. Bishop. Glory to God, we're still beautifully saved and pegging away at the old devil, who tries to tell us there is no need of the Salvation Army in this place, that they are all of a heaven-bound race; but we have proved him a liar and are in for pulling down his kingdom and building up that of our God's. Good meetings but no souls.

PARRSBORO'.—Capt. Dostan. This past week we have been praying and believing, and Saturday night our faith was rewarded by seeing one of God's backsliding children return to his Father. Our hearts were again gladdened by the return of another prodigal on Sunday night. Though we do not see the result of our labors that we would like, yet we know that God has said that not one word shall return to Him void, so we believe eternity will reveal what time does not.

SPRINGHILL MINES.—Capt. Blackburn. On Sunday our meetings, all day, were times of power and blessing. All soldiers reconsecrated themselves to God in the holiness meeting and took hold of God by mighty faith; the result was that six souls cried to God for deliverance, He heard their cry and told them to go in peace and sin no more. Two of these were colored people. It did us good to see them jumping and shouting and praising God for setting them free.

VALE COLLIERY.—Cadet J. Elliott. Hallelujah! We are still alive and fighting for King Jesus. Although the fight is a little tough yet we are fighting under a Captain that never lost a battle and we are sure to win. We do praise God for some blood-washed warriors who are determined to fight the battle through. We had the Welsh Minstrel with us on Friday and had a grand time; although the crowd was small God was with us and we all went away feeling it was good to be there.

WESTVILLE.—Capt. J. Allen. Bless God this morning finds us well saved and happy on the way. This past week has been one of blessing to our souls, our meetings have been good, although the death of the late Captain brought a gloom over the place yet I believe it has been a blessing to our soldiers, and I pray it will be to many a sinner. "God grant it," is our prayer. Amen.

Yarmouth District

KENTVILLE.—Capt. I. M. Smith. Hallelujah! We can still report victory through the blood of the Lamb. Our open-air meetings are more powerful than ever; God is working on the hearts of the people and we are determined to work on, knowing that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

LIVERPOOL.—Capt. Osborne. After a hard week's fighting with the enemy we captured one rebel for King Jesus, Who set her free. On Sunday heavy firing was going on until 10.30 p.m., especially at the second engagement, 11 a.m., when the 206th corps of the King's Own were receiving a full sopply of amunition. Nineteen stepped out, declaring their freedom and vowing that they would be true and loyal to their King.

YARMOUTH.—Capt. Totten. Praise God we are running after sinners; this is our business and we thoroughly realize the lost condition of the unsaved. We are searching for them, and although they don't come in fifties or twenties, they are coming by ones and twos for which we praise God. Two sisters sought and found Jesus at our meeting in Brooklyn, a village four miles distant, the other night while two of our lads were leading. Glory to God.

Newfoundland District.

BRIGUS.—Capt. Fry. Another week has rolled away into the eternity of the past and again we can report victory through the Blood, and two more rebels captured. On Thersday, May 3rd, we had a visit from the Welsh Minstrel and Adjutant. It rained almost all day but that does not keep Newfoundlanders from the meetings, especially when something special is going on, so our barracks was crowded. Everybody was delighted, especially the children, one of who said the Ministrel was just like "Father Christmas." We would very much have liked to have him here for another night but that was impossible so we will keep believing that it will not be long before he comes this way again.

Peterboro' Division.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Capt. A. Savage. This morning we can say the Gospel ship is sailing on. No new passengers have been induced to get on board and come along with us, but, thank God, all the old hands are free from soul-sickness and are rejoicing on the way. We are doing all we can to get sinners saved and are sure some will soon be awakened to their danger and seek refuge in Jesus.

COBOURG.—Capt. J. Sharpe. "Victory" is the song we sing in this town. Since last report God has been working in and through us to the pulling down of the devil's strong holds. One soul sought and found mercy on Wednesday night, and many more are coming soon. We mean victory!

FENELON FALLS.—Capt. A. Savage. After a stay of thirty-four weeks with our comrades orders came to farewell. Wednesday night we had a supper provided for our friends and soldiers. Over 100 sat down together and we had an enjoyable time. In the meeting at night God came very near and many were made to feel that eternity was near at hand. During the last three weeks of our fight here some of the vilest have come to Jesus and got cleansed. One young man, who, a short time before he got saved had spent one hundred dollars in a week in drink ... said when testifying, "Friends, I ... felt happy when drunk, but I never was ... happy as I am to-night." Since last re-port thirteen have come and had their sins washed away. A blessed work is going on at present and I am sure many more will soon be found fighting the good fight. Thursday morning when shaking hands with our comrades we felt somewhat sad, but we believe we shall not be parted for long, for the time will soon come when we shall join hands across the river. Amen.

HASTINGS.—Capt. Macklin. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that stared us in the face when we came here, we buckled on the armor tighter and went forth to fight with Jesus at our side. The people took all the week to form their opinions, and they see we mean business for the Master. All day Sunday we held on to God for souls and in the evening many were convicted and several sat weeping. When the invitation was given to come to the Saviour two dear sisters rushed to the penitent form and wept their feelings out before God. He freely forgave and bade them go and sin no more.

MILLBROOK.—Capt. Carrey. Another week of victory, and our hearts say Hallelujah for the way God is leading us. Since our last report three precious souls have been brought from darkness to light. On Saturday night Adjutant enrolled twenty-one of our comrades, who took a public stand for Him who washed away all their sins. Our prayer is, "Lord, keep us all true to the vows we have made. Sunday was a heart-searching time all day and we are believing yet for even greater results than we have seen in the past.

NORWOOD.—Capt. Webber. We arrived here last Monday determined to go in for victory, and although it has been a fight against sin and the devil victory has been on the Lord's side. Our God has made bare His arm and six souls have stepped out of nature's darkness into the light and liberty of the sons of God. We are expecting big things from our God and we know we shall not be disappointed, for He who has promised will also perform. Bless His name, we give Him the glory and go on.

OAKWOOD. — Capt. L. Robertson. Since our last report we have been having some blessed times with the Lord. On Friday night we had Adjt. Bolton and some other officers with us, had a small crowd but best of all Jesus was one in the number. We cannot report any souls, but are still believing. Soldiers are going in for more of God.

OMEMEE.—Capt. M. Kemp. It has been a long time since you heard from here through the WAR CRY, so as we have something good to say we thought we would write and tell you about it. We have had very good meetings this week, God has been with us in His mighty saving power three souls have been set free, two here, one at the outpost, Mount Pleasant. In our Roll-call and Holiness meetings God has come very near, filling us with Himself and giving us more love for the dying masses that are rushing onward to hell. We are going in more than ever to bring them to His feet. We feel sure of victory for our King never yet lost a battle. Glory to His name.

PETERBORO'.—Capt. Woodgate. We can look back and say the past week has been of fighting and of winning, glory to God. On Monday night had a grand meeting. We have been marching on. Sunday 40 met for knee-drill where we partook of manna from heaven to help us during the day. The marching was not nice all the day long; afternoon meeting was a happy time. Soon after seven we were on the march singing, away back to the hall which was packed. God came and helped us in such a way that the people would not go away. A grand work again was done with the WAR CRY this week. We closed the week with one soul and are believing for many more yet.

PORT HOPE.—Capt. Mudge. During the past week we have seen four souls crying to God for mercy. There seems to be a number of people here who have settled down in a quiet easy way of serving God; they don't care about being disturbed and don't seem to realize that while they are sitting at their ease there are precious souls dying without God. Oh may God awaken them to a sense of their duty. We are getting the victory. Glory to God.

WARKWORTH. — Capt. Carwardine. Since taking charge here God has, indeed, been with us. We have had good crowds, good attention and deep conviction. On Sunday all day we felt the Lord very near. Sunday night the place was packed to the doors, and although we had to close the meeting without seeing any one come to the Cross, we went home feeling we had done our duty, leaving them in God's hands, praying for victory.

Kingston Division.

BLOOMFIELD.—Capt. Oakes. This morning we are gaining ground on the enemy. Took charge here a week ago, we fought and God blessed us, and our hearts were led to rejoice last night over seeing two sin-burdened souls seek the Saviour and the Lord set them free. Our crowds are very good and apparently the sinners feel their need of Christ, but seem so hard; our Saviour is able to break the hearts of stone. We close with two souls and mean to have the victory.

CONSECON.—Capt. J. Harrison. The war down here in Consecon still rolls on. We have not seen any coming to Jesus for the last week or two, but, yet there has been good done, we mean Victory through the Blood, and know it will not be gained without some real efforts and that by the almighty arm of Jehovah. So many content themselves with the assurance that I hope I shall be saved, I guess I will be all right, I think I am, and other shallow experiences; but, thank God, there are some here who have got the "know so" assurance of salvation. The children of God are a definite and pointed people. God help us to clear our skirts of the blood of all the people.

ENTERPRISE.—Capt. M. Todd. Glory to God! We can report victory through Blood this morning. Two dear sisters this week came and let the Blood wash away their sins. Hallelujah!

GANANOQUE. — Capt. E. Williams. We cannot report great victories this morning, but we bless God for one soul this week. There is need of more holy living in this place and then we believe God's work will go on better. May God grant it.

NEWBURGH.—Capt. Torrence. Arrived here Friday evening and found some dear soldiers willing to go in heart and hand with us to accomplish something through Christ in bringing many into the light and truth as it is in Jesus. Pray for Newburgh.

Montreal Division.

BEDFORD.—Capt. Haldane. Victory again. Hallelujah! The Bedfordites are still marching on and pulling down the devil's kingdom, and nine of his own followers have bid him farewell, never to go back any more. One brother says it was neither drum or church-bell that drew him to the Fold, but the love of our Jesus. We are praying that others who are hardened by sin and the devil will be broken up by that same love.

COWANSVILLE.—Capt. Dumpster. Cowansville is still marching on in the strength of King Jesus. This past two weeks have been ones of victory, not only in our own souls but in seeing a smash in the devil's ranks. Yesterday, grand meetings all day. At Holiness meeting one soul and one prodigal came to the loving Saviour who never turned one away, and they obtained pardon for the past. Night meeting time of power as Cadet Grubb farewelled for the field. We believe the Lord spoke to some hearts, and before the meeting closed five backsliders returned to their Father again and went away happy in His love. At our outpost, East Farnham, we are having grand times, deep conviction resting upon the people, and the devil has lost five of his followers who have come to the Saviour and proved that He is mighty to save and keep. Hallelujah! We are believing for many more to follow.

DANVILLE.—Capt. Cardiff. Since coming here, a little over a week ago, we are glad to be able to report victory. God is working, and Sunday night two sisters came boldly out and gave themselves to God who gave them the witness and filled their souls with peace; many more wept in their seats but would not yield. May God help them to come before it is too late. We had the Major, Adjt. Marshall, officers and string band from Richmond on Tuesday night; the meeting went off well. We were out to the riding on Monday and had a good time running through the country visiting the folks and got blessed in doing so. There are some real Christians there; one of the comrades said he would not be satisfied till the platform was filled, and of course we all tired a volley, and the lads in the back of the hall were not behind in that. I believe it won't be long till they will be saved and fighting for God. Danville for Jesus!

MONTREAL II.—(Point St. Charles). Capt. Cunningham. We are proving right along the truth of the Psalmist's testimony when he said, "Through God we shall do valiantly." Our meetings are times of real strengthening for souls and saving grace for sinners. This week five souls have been brought to the light of God's Salvation and now they tell others of Jesus. On Sunday our platform was full with soldiers and converts; somebody made the remark we shall have to enlarge it, but we are believing soon to have a larger barracks—a new one, as well as a larger platform. Look out for big things from the Point. God is with us in power and we have long since found out when God moves, mighty things are accomplished. We thank Him for what has been done and look forward to greater things in the near future. Victory through the blood of Jesus! shall be our battle cry.

RICHMOND.—Capt. A. Jones. We had a visit from the Major and Adjutant Marshall on Wednesday night; it was very wet but a nice crowd assembled in the barracks; good meetings, and as Major and Adjt. dealt with them many were led to feel their sins but would not yield. Staff-Capt. Simco and Cadet Marcott were announced for Saturday night and Sunday, but, through sickness, the Capt. could not come; however we went in to make the best of it, and Capt. Werry arrived on the midnight to take his place, and God did bless us all through the day, and as they dealt with and invited the sinner to the Saviour some were led to weep in their seats but they would not come out. "Lord save these people" is our prayer.

Manitoba Division.

BRANDON.—Capt. Archer. This past week has been a week of victory to our souls. Although some have farewelled to other parts of the field, praise God, one prisoner and two prodigals have farewelled from sin and the devil and now are marching in the ranks of the great S. A. Lieut. Wagar farewelled after fighting here for about eight months, and Cadet Foster farewelled for the field. "God bless them both" is our prayer "and make them a blessing." We had Capt. Gnaedinger with us on the 11th May, he came and gave us a call before leaving this part of the field. Still we go ahead. Victory through the Blood! is our battle cry.

MORDEN. Capt. V. Graham. Since last you heard from us five sin-burdened souls have been relieved of their weight of sin, and still we are praying for more. Our ranks are but thin and our crowds are small, as the farmers are busy just now, but we depend not on numbers but God who is our strength. Onward we go to conquer. In spite of the scoffs and jeers, for God we will fight, feeling sure of victory.

WINNIPEG.—Capt. Ham. Another blessed week of labor for the Master and one of victory, in which souls have been converted and others sanctified, Hallelujah. The contingent from the east had been announced to be with us on Sunday with Capt. Gnaedinger and Cadet Bruno farewelling for the east, so with all these things we looked forward with expectancy of great things being done for the Master, and, praise God, we were not disappointed. Sunday, 6 a. m., D. O. to the front, and as we pray the blessing came upon us. Holiness, one came out for full liberty, more ought to have come, but we go on to victory. "The train will be in from the east at 14 o'clock, (2 p.m.), was what we heard; bandsmen and soldiers were sharp on time, each one having a straw hat and sash of yellow, red and blue, and marched out 89 strong; it seemed to stir things up; open flew the doors, up went the windows, people rushing out to see what was doing, sidewalks lined with people. So on we went towards the station to meet our comrades to give them a welcome to the west. Bang! bang! goes the drum. "Strike, strike for victory" plays the band which thrilled our souls, Hallelujah. "Here they come! fire a volley!" and our comrades are amongst us, and soon we reached the barracks which was packed with people, and one backslider came and found a welcome to the Fold. At night great crowd of people gathered, blessed time, three backsliders and one prisoner with a Hallelujah wind-up. Monday was the farewell of Capt. Gnaedinger and Cadet Bruno, who both told of their finding the Saviour in this same hall; another prodigal came home, so we wound up by giving God the praise to go on to greater victories than ever.

Ottawa Division.

BROCKVILLE.—Capt. T. Scott. The Brockville Braves are trying to win Blood-bought souls from sin and the devil. We are in the open air every night, the outsiders listen as we speak, sing and pray, and throw their collection on the drum head. We have a hall to hold our Sunday meetings in. We're marching onward and victory is ours.

FARMERSVILLE.—Capt. Leitch. The Lord is still with us, keeping and helping us. One backslider came home; many have heard His voice but refused to answer. We are praying and believing for victory all the way long.

KEMPTVILLE. — Capt. McKenzie. There is no paper published in this beautiful little town on the banks of the Rideau, so every week the people look for the WAR CRY to see the report, they cannot understand why the Captain don't write one, oh you forget she was away resting, but is home again. There has been quite a hub-bub about the enrollment of the 292nd corps, the devil don't like it, he finds lots of fault in the shape of some people who profess to love our God, we feel that our great King looks with approval on the great S. A. Thursday night we went as usual to Oxford Mills, took our WAR CRYS and went from door to door; some one asked "Were they kind to you girls." Oh, yes except a few wild young men threw stones after meeting on our way home. Since last report five souls and one backslider have sought and found Jesus.

MAXVILLE.—Capt. M. Clarke. As we were out visiting last Thursday we came in contact with an old lady, and asked her if she was saved, her answer was "No," so we got down on our knees and asked God to save her, and He sent her on her way rejoicing in a sin-pardoning Saviour. Friday night we set off for the Outpost to rouse the devil there, when we arrived we found there was no drum nor even a tambourine, and had just started the meeting when a little boy brought in a play drum and a soup spoon and gave it to one of the brothers, he tried to play but his hand was lost in the spoon, we went right on and delivered the Message, no souls. Prayer and faith will give us the victory. Amen.

OTTAWA.—Capt. Ludgate. We have had good meetings during the past week, and at the close on Sunday night six young men, all backsliders, came out to the penitent-form to get right, they said God had forgiven them. I pray that they may be kept true. Amen. We have good crowds at our open-air meetings at the Post office, and believe much good is accomplished for God. One poor fellow stood around the ring one night listening to the singing, and after awhile he came forward and gave a cent to help on the work. He must have been touched. I pray he may soon give God his heart.

WEST WINCHESTER.—Capt. Keith. As we did not report for last week, I want to give you an out line of the two weeks. Lieutenant led the meetings last week as I was away at Montreal. She said they had good times, the meetings have not been so largely attended as people are so very busy and naturally very tired in the evenings, but the same good feeling towards us prevails, why you could tell it by just peep'ng in the cupboard in our house and seeing all the good things there. Then a glance out in the wood shed, about five cords of wood all cut and piled neatly for us. Souls have not only been saved in the meetings but some have gone home unsaved, the next time they came they stood up and testified for God. "I can't come to-night Captain, I'll come to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock," said a man. "All right, if your are willing to run the risk." Did he keep his word? Yes he did, next morning he was there, the invitation was given, bending over he whispered something to his little girl, then rose up with a clear calm look in his eyes, and volunteered out, and got saved. There are other cases which I know if I had time to tell about would gladden the heart of every true follower of Christ. Ten souls have been saved since last report. "Victory through the blood of Jesus!" is still our battle cry.

Alberta Division.

CALGARY. CAPT. J. DAWSON. Forward! Left! Away we go for a march around the town before knee-drill, and it was grand, everyone who was there enjoyed it very much, and twelve gathered round the table for breakfast, and we had it, some got so full they ran over. Hallelujah! We had a grand day yesterday spiritually, four marches and two open-airs, and at night God was in our midst to save, but none ventured out on the the promise, and went away rejecting again. We love these people very much, God has laid the burden of their souls upon us and we are doing and will do all we can to help them to God. Keep believing, God shall win these people to Himself. Our numbers are small in the hall, but God can work and none can hinder. He makes us so happy in our own souls, although the fight is real in this town at present.

MOOSE JAW. CAPT. STAPLE. We cannot boast of great victories here. It is a small place, but we find lots of sin. Saturday night while praying on the street in front of hotel, a man who was intoxicated came out in the street without hat or boots to lay hands on me, but the little Lieutenant who knows how to watch and pray sprang to her feet in time to keep him from doing any harm, he then took hold of one of the converts at the back of the march, but did not get the victory in taking him out of the march as was his intention. Praise God He loves the drunkard and is able to take away the desire for whiskey. Our converts are doing nicely, thank God for His keeping power.

Correspondence

NOTICE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All matter for insertion in the WAR CRY should be addressed to the "Editor" Salvation Temple, Toronto. It must be written IN INK and on one side of the paper only; and in every case must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for insertion, but as evidence of good faith.

N.B.—Written manuscript for printers' use, can be sent by post at the reduced rate of one cent per half ounce, if the ends are exposed and the package marked "PRINTERS' COPY," over the address.

We cannot undertake to return rejected or unsuitable contributions.

MISSING.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*All who find their friends through the "Missing Column" are requested to inform the WAR CRY Office at once. Several notices have been kept standing, and required space has been occupied to the detriment of others through neglect in this matter.*

MAT. MULCAHEY aged 16, 5 feet 4, lost first joint of little finger on left hand; left his home on May 4th, is likely to attend Army meetings. If this should meet his eye, he is urged to write to his mother, and any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by her at 42 Vannuley Street, Toronto. If any officer should recognise him in the barracks, will they please forward particulars to the above address, or to the Editor, Headquarters, Toronto. U. S. WAR CRY please copy. 9.6,'88.

MARTIN FITE, who left Canada some 23 years ago, lived at Swret's Corners in the County of Haldimand, Township of Rainham, a Blacksmith by trade. He went to California to work in the gold mines and when last heard from was leaving for British Columbia. If he should see this, write to Staff-Capt. Burchett, 423 Horton St., London, Ont. He has good news for you. U. S. CRY please copy. 26, 5, 88.

If this should meet the eye of ALEXANDER GATHERER, last heard of in Tuscola, Mich., about four years ago, will you please communicate with your sister Mrs. Middlewood, Wingham, Ont., she is very anxious to hear from you. U. S. CRY please copy. 26, 5, 88.

ALEXANDER CLARK, who left his home in Scotland, and was last heard of in Hamilton, two years ago, is requested to write to his sisters at 13 Melville Lane, Montrose, Scotland. 26, 5, 88.

Will any person knowing the whereabouts of WILLIAM SCOTT, at one time a Salvation soldier at Napanee: please send his address to P.O. Box 225, Napanee, Ont. He is supposed to be in west of Toronto. 19.5 '88.

Will GEO. PLAIN who left his home in Euphemia township, Ont., nearly eight years ago, please write to his parents, Newbury P. O., Ont.; as his mother's health is failing, and she is very anxious to see him, or to hear of his whereabouts before she dies. Any person knowing of his whereabouts, will confer a great favor by writing to Geo Plain, Newbury, Ont. American CRY please copy. 12.5,'88.

Will ELLA NORA BESSY, who left Sparta, Yarmouth Township, Elgin Co., Ont., between fifteen and twenty years ago in company with William Frazer: return, her mother is dead, and has left her $500 00. 12.5,'88.

If this should meet the eye of ALEXANDER WORKMAN, who left home a year ago, and has not been heard from since, he would hear of something to his advantage by writing at once to Capt. Minnie Keith, West Winchester Ont., or communication from any one who knows his whereabouts will be thankfully received. 14, 4, 88.

JOHN TRICK, who left England for Australia in 1869, is requested to communicate with his brother, Richard Trick, Milton, Ontario. 28.4 '88.

If RICHARD HOCKARDAY who left England for Australia in 1867 should see this, his only brother, Thos. Hockarday, wishes to have him write. His address is Lakefield P.O., Ontario, Canada. Australian *War Cry* please copy.

Will DAVID BROWN son of William Brown, last heard of in Ottawa, please write to his brother, Robert Brown, Sherbrooke, P.Q. 28 4, 88.

JAMES FINNEY native of Stanley, Yorkshire England, came to Canada 30 years ago, and formerly lived in Toronto. Will he or any one knowing anything of him, if living or dead, please communicate with his son Thomas, 52 Ramsden, Dock Cottages, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, or to Lewis Owen, Box 479, Brockville, Ont. 28,4,'88.

Should this meet the eye of JOHN or GEORGE BANWELL, who left Milton Bryant Bedfordshire England about forty years ago, last heard of at the Cape of Good Hope. Would they, or anyone knowing their whereabouts if dead or alive, communicate with their nephew John, son of David Banwell, their brother, now living at Gananoque, Ontario, Canada. Cape WAR CRY please copy. 2,6,'88.

If this should meet the eye of JOHN DILLAWAY, who left England two years ago next June; his brother wishes to hear from him. Address George Dillaway, Parry Sound, Ont. U.S. CRY please copy. 2,6,'88.

THIRZA CORBET left her home at Brampton nine years ago. Will she, or anyone knowing her whereabouts, communicate with her mother, Mrs. Goddard, Brampton, Ontario. U. S. A. CRY please copy. 2,6,'88.

A young girl MINNIE HEATHING, left her home in Montreal some time ago, will she or any one knowing her whereabouts communicate with officer in charge at Montreal. 14, 4, 88.

J. H. GIBSON, who lived at 66 Winchester, Street Toronto, plasterer by trade, his brother Frank Gibson is lying at Hettis Station with a broken leg, would like to hear from him. Address, Burnt River P. O., Ont. 14, 4, 88.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RESCUE WORK.

Capt. Wiggins $29 00
Mrs. Howlett, Toronto 1 00
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